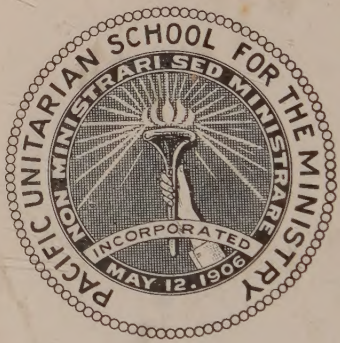
# ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN

V
315
32
900
GTU
Storage




BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

# ADDRESSES

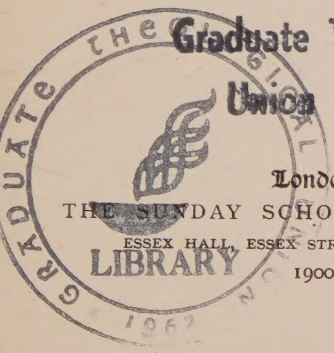
TO

# CHILDREN

## For Use in Home & School

Property of
CBSK

Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library




London
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.
1900

BV
4315
A32
1900

PRINTED BY ELSOM AND CO.
MARKET-PLACE, HULL.

Ad 28

## PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS little book is issued in response to a desire, which has been felt by many, that some of the addresses which have appeared in the Children's Column of the *Inquirer* during the last two years might be gathered into a separate volume, and thus become available in a more permanent and handy form.

The Committee of the Sunday School Association desire to thank the Editor of the *Inquirer* and his contributors for their ready consent to this use of their work

London, *March*, 1900.

## CONTENTS.


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Old Lamps for New | *John Byles* | 7 |
| Children of Light | *V. D. Davis* | 13 |
| Sincerity | *J. J. Wright* | 16 |
| Harry Wadsworth Helpers | *Frances E. Cooke* | 20 |
| Preaching | *J. J. Wright* | 25 |
| 'The Grey Porter' | *Frances E. Cooke* | 29 |
| Wonder and Joy | *C. A. Farrington* | 33 |
| The Law of Kindness | *E. Mahler* | 39 |
| About Birds | *E. P. Barrow* | 43 |
| A Black Hero | *H. M. Johnson* | 46 |
| She Did what She Could | *V. D. Davis* | 51 |
| Words in our Hearts | *C. A. Farrington* | 55 |
| Sacrifice without Blemish | *Gertrude Martineau* | 60 |
| The Price of Freedom | *Gertrude Martineau* | 65 |
| Strengthen the Defences | *Gertrude Martineau* | 71 |
| The Building of Character | *Frances E. Cooke* | 76 |
| The Image and the Writing | *John Byles* | 80 |
| The Runaway Engine | *C. A. Farrington* | 88 |
| The Right Path | *C. A. Farrington* | 93 |
| 'Ich Dien' | *John Byles* | 98 |
| A Tale of Tusculum | *John Byles* | 104 |
| Little Deeds of Kindness | *Frances E. Cooke* | 110 |
| Growth | *Frances E. Cooke* | 114 |
| The Merciful Knight | *John Byles* | 119 |
| Heroism | *Frances E. Cooke* | 124 |

# OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

## A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*—PSALM CXIX. 105.

MOST of you, probably, have read the story of 'Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp.' If so, you remember that when Aladdin rubbed his lamp, a genie—or kind of fairy—appeared, who called himself 'the slave of the lamp,' and promised, so long as Aladdin retained the lamp, to do for him whatever he wanted. And I am quite sure you remember, also, how at the request of Aladdin this wonderful genie not only supplied him with as much money as he needed, but gave him also great dishes filled with all kinds of precious stones, and, more wonderful still, a palace to live in, more rich and beautiful than anyone before had seen, and to crown all how he obtained for him as wife the Sultan's daughter, a lovely and beautiful princess. All this you remember; but do you also remember how, in the midst of all this prosperity and splendour, this glitter of silver and gold, this endless show of horses and carriages and servants, there suddenly came to Aladdin a terrible misfortune? His

lamp was gone, and with it was gone, too, horses, carriages, servants, the beautiful princess, and even the palace itself. All had disappeared.

And the way it came about was this: There was a man who called himself Aladdin's uncle, but who was really a wicked magician, whose only wish was to do Aladdin harm. This wicked magician resolved that he would steal the lamp. So hearing by chance that Aladdin had gone away on a hunting expedition for a week, he dressed himself up in the oldest and shabbiest clothes that he could find, and procuring a large basket hung it on his arm as though he were a hawker. This basket he had already furnished with twelve new copper lamps, all brightly polished. He then went with his basket into the city, and down the street in which the palace of Aladdin stood. As he went he cried, 'Who will change old lamps for new? Who will change old lamps for new?'

The people who heard him thought that he was mad, and the boys, crowding round him, hooted and jeered and called him all kinds of insulting names. But the wicked old man knew only too well what he was doing, and so took no notice. At length he came exactly in front of the palace of Aladdin, and just opposite the windows of the Princess. 'Who will change old lamps for new?' he cried. 'Who will change old lamps for new?' At this the Princess's maids ran to look out at the windows, and asked what all the noise was about. 'A silly old man,' was the answer, 'offering to change new lamps for old.' By-and-by the maids told the Princess, and the Princess,

when she heard it, said, 'If that's the case, up in the Prince's dressing-room is an ugly old lamp which I am sure we had better get rid of; bring it down, and let the old man have it.' So the maids ran up to the Prince's dressing-room, and very quickly brought the old lamp down, knowing no more than their mistress how precious it was. 'Take it down into the street,' said the Princess, 'and get the old man to give us a new one instead.' And this they did. So soon as the old man saw the lamp, he knew he had got what he wanted, and, offering in exchange any one of the twelve that the servants fancied, he disappeared.

Very soon the poor Princess began to find how bad a bargain she had made, for directly her troubles began. The wicked magician had commanded the genie to transport the palace, and in it the Princess, across the seas; so when the Prince, her husband, returned from his hunting, he found that he had lost his wife and lost his palace, and this, without hope, as it seemed at first, of finding them again.

Now I have told you afresh this old, and, to some of you, perhaps, familiar story, because it seems to me to supply us with an excellent New Year's parable. And this parable I will try now to expound.

Each one of us has in his possession a lamp more wonderful, and far more valuable than that of Aladdin. A little lamp, it may be, and giving as yet but a little light, but still most precious. And this also there is: the more we value this lamp the more we use it, and the more faithfully we obey it the larger will it become and the brighter the light it will emit. This lamp is

intended to show us the way in which we should walk through the pilgrimage of life. It is intended to show us how to act and how to speak, and even how to think. And if only we are true to it, and 'hide it'—as the Psalmist says—'within our hearts,' it will do this for us more and more.

The lamp is an old lamp—old as the first man—who looked up to God and asked for light to know the right, and for strength to do it. This was the lamp of which the man who wrote this wonderful psalm was thinking when he said, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' It was the lamp of which St. John was thinking when he wrote, 'The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.' The word of God, the mind of God, the will of God—read or heard or felt within our hearts—that is the lamp by which we are to walk.

Now I want to tell you of our danger—it is the very danger that beset Aladdin and his beautiful Princess. It is that some power, like the wicked magician, may come and steal away the lamp out of our hearts and out of our lives. And the way in which these powers of evil work is very much the same as that in which, as the story tells us, the African magician worked. These powers put on dresses and disguises, and walk beneath the palace windows of our lives, and as they walk they cry, 'New lamps for old; new lamps for old—bring out the old: Conscience, Duty, Truth—and have the new, all bright and fresh—instead.'

Sometimes the evil power comes gaily dressed, and its name is Pleasure. And Pleasure says, 'What is the use of being so particular and good? Why not enjoy yourself? Youth is the time for enjoyment. Young people ought to be merry; when you are old, it will be time enough to be sad.'

Sometimes the evil, tempting power comes dressed in sober, solemn garb, like a merchant or a trader, with a bag of money in his hand, and then he says, 'What is the good of being too honest? That is not the way to get on in a world like this. "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost"—that's the motto for the man who wants to succeed.' And so he tempts men to exchange their old lamps—of a good name, and a good conscience, and a good character—for the new lamp, sometimes called 'getting on.' But it is a bad exchange, for while the old lamp brought inward peace and outward esteem, the new lamp brings misery and punishment and shame.

Sometimes the Tempter comes dressed in easy, flowing robes as one who does no work and knows no care, and his name is Indolence or Sloth. And he asks those whom he tries to tempt, and most of all those whom he thinks are young and foolish, why they should work so hard, and why they should climb the rough, steep path called duty, when the pleasant fields of ease and enjoyment lie so close beside them. 'In a hundred years,' he says, 'what difference will it make?'

So beneath our palace windows does one or other of these tempters come. And then the little Princes

and Princesses look out and listen to their cry, 'New lamps for old; new lamps for old.' And those who are foolish among them bring out the rusty, old lamps, as they think them, of duty and conscience and obedience and purity and goodness, and exchange them for the new ones of selfishness and pleasure and greed. And then trouble comes, and their palace is removed, or seems to be so, from the sunny land where the king their father lives, to the 'far country,' where there is only misery and loss and shame.

At the beginning of this New Year, with all its days before you, what choice will you make? Shall it be the old lamp of God's word and will, or the new lamp of foolishness and sin? I counsel you to say, and to say with all your heart, 'Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'

JOHN BYLES.

## CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

'WALK as Children of Light.' Everyone likes to be with cheerful people; they are like sunshine everywhere. And cheerfulness of the right sort, which will last, can only be among those who are truthful, and therefore trustworthy, and in whose hearts there is a genuine love of goodness and unselfish love of others. These are the things we have to try for with all our might, if we wish to be really helpful in the world,—bringers of light, making others glad that we are here.

And what I want especially to say to you to-day is that you have everyone of you something to give, to help to make this gladness of the world. No one else can give it for you. You must give it yourselves. And it is the secret of your own happiness to learn how to do it. That is what Jesus said to his disciples in the words: 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven' (*Matthew* v. 16). That is a good text to remember with the other. It means that they must live a true and brave and unselfish life, as children of our heavenly Father, and then He will be

glorified,—there will be the beautiful light of heaven upon our earth, in our homes, wherever men are at work, full of praise and thankfulness to God. And that is what you can do, every one of you, let your light shine, to help to make this gladness of the world.

Did you ever hear of the poor fisherman's wife who for many years kept her light burning, and in her own sorrow, brave and patient, helped her neighbours more than she ever knew? It was in the days before there were lighthouses on our rocky coasts, and this poor woman lived with her husband, who was a fisherman, in a cottage on the cliff, where the rocks were dangerous, but close by the way into the safe harbour. When the men were out at sea fishing and it grew dark, she would light a candle and put it in the window, so that when they came near the coast her husband might see the friendly light beckoning to him from his home, and the boats might be guided safely into the harbour. It was a very little light, but it was a great deal better than nothing. And the love that never forgot to put the light in the window was not a little thing.

But one night there was a great storm, and the boats were driven far out to sea. Her light was shining all the time, but even if it had been possible, the men would not have dared to come near that rocky coast or try to get into the harbour; and when next day they came back, her husband's boat was not among them. She could not believe that it had been lost at sea and he was drowned, but every night she

put the light in her window, hoping that he had only been driven far away and would be coming back.

And so she lived for years, patiently, a lonely widow, very poor and yet just managing to live. But however poor she was, she never forgot to let her light shine from the window that looked out across the sea; for even when she gave up hoping that her own husband would come back, she was glad to think that the light would welcome others as they came near home, and guide them safely into the harbour; and her light was not only the candle she put so faithfully every night in the window. Everyone who knew her wondered at her patience and cheerfulness; the children always liked to go by her cottage, because she was so kind; and many a one in trouble learnt to be thankful, and to 'glorify God,' because of the help they had received from this poor widow. She never knew how much she helped those about her, just by her simple goodness and unselfishness, and patient gentleness; but it was a beautiful and steadfast light that shone in her life.

And so you can make your light shine, and you can walk as 'children of light,' simply by being gentle and unselfish, by keeping back angry words, by overcoming disagreeable tempers and being cheerful, by little acts of kindness and helpfulness, by being truthful and brave and patient. Who cannot do that? And as soon as you have begun to try, you know *it is worth while.*

V. D. Davis.

## SINCERITY.

'*Sincerity*.'—2 *Cor*. ii. 17.

SINCERITY is a beautiful word. Do you know what it means? Perhaps you do. But then perhaps you don't. Let us see: There are some words with stories or histories in them. This is one of them; a most interesting story it is, too, that is in this word sincerity. I think you will be surprised when you hear it. But, when you once know the story, you will, I am sure, feel the deeper beauty of the word, and see the truer meaning of the thing itself. Sincerity is a word which is said to come from two Latin words, *sine* and *cerâ*. *Sine* means without, *cerâ* means wax. As you know, the Latin language was spoken by the Romans of old. And this word sincerity takes us back to the golden days of Rome.

In those days the Romans had grown very rich. They had been great warriors and great rulers, but now, in times of peace and prosperity, the merchants and other wealthy men of Rome were building large and beautiful marble palaces on the banks of the river Tiber. A rivalry grew up among them in the grandeur and adornment of their dwellings. By

their conquests over the Greeks these Romans had been able to bring into the City of Rome many of the most artistic of Grecian sculptures in marble. But these pieces of sculpture from Greece were not numerous enough for all in Rome who wanted them. And so to meet the want, schools of sculpture and design sprang up in Rome, and soon the sons of Rome had learnt the wonderful art of sculpture, and good work in marble was plentiful.

Then, sad to say, dodges took place sometimes. For instance, if a sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or if his chisel missed its aim, instead of putting the imperfect or spoiled marble away, a dodgy sculptor had a very carefully prepared kind of wax or fine cement with which he filled in the crack or flaw, and this he did so cleverly that it could not be seen. So the piece of sculpture would be sold and bought as perfect solid marble. By-and-by, however, but long after the purchase, and when the piece of sculpture had stood and, perhaps, been often admired in some palace on the Tiber, the heat, or the damp, the weather generally, or some accident, would affect the wax or cement, and the flaws would look ugly indeed!

Now it was just because of this that the word sincerity was made. When any work of art was ordered a special clause was put into the contract, or written agreement, which the artist had to sign. The special clause was *sine cerâ*—that is, 'without wax'—or cement! What a picture-story in a word! Sincerity—solid marble, genuine through and through,

'true as steel,' as we say, no pretence, being what we seem, 'without wax'—yes, that is sincerity. A true character is sincere. Wherever there is any 'wax'—any cement pretending to be marble—it is that much false, and is sure some day to be found out. As heat, or damp, or weather, or accident in time revealed the 'cement' in the marble statue, so everyday life, our words, our actions, our behaviour, private as well as public, show us up in time, and people find out what we are!

Perhaps you may not have looked at the verse in the Bible that I picked the word sincerity from. If you do look you will see that it speaks of 'sincerity . . . as of God.' Just think—how sincere God must be towards us! And then the verse says 'sincerity . . . as in the sight of God.' Yes, we live in the sight of God all the time. How dare we, then, be anything but sincere? Men may not know us, but God does. The great botanist Linnæus had the words, in Latin, over his library door, 'Live innocent; God is present.' That thought should keep us sincere.

There is a story told of an angel, who was walking about the streets of a city, watching everybody, though nobody saw him. He met, amongst others, a number of people who were returning late at night from a meeting. One of them, a kind young lady, as she passed along, caught sight of a newspaper boy sleeping on a doorstep, with his unsold papers under his arm. Shyly, in her pity for the little outcast, she slipped sixpence into his pocket, and was coming away when

the young gentleman she was with gave her another sixpence, and an old lady gave her threepence, and another young man, though not very heartily, handed her a shilling; so that, when all had been quietly slipped into the sleeper's pocket, he had received two and threepence. Delighted, the angel of earth flew away to tell the angel in heaven who writes down what is done on earth, the good deeds he had witnessed; but he was quickly stopped. 'I know, I know,' said the recording angel in heaven; 'see, it is all written down already, as the Lord told me,' and he showed him the book. But there was no two and threepence there, only ninepence. 'Because,' as he went on to explain, 'that young maiden gave sixpence out of love, her aged friend gave threepence out of pity, the others gave—one because he wished to be thought well of by the young maiden, and the other because he was afraid to be thought mean. 'We enter in *this* book,' said the angel, 'only the deeds that come out of a sincere heart.'

J. J. WRIGHT.

## HARRY WADSWORTH HELPERS.

DID you ever hear of a boy's club called the 'Harry Wadsworth Helpers'?

The story of its origin is worth telling, and will make a good beginning to this short talk about helpers and helping. Three or four boys were out of doors, early one winter evening, in the city of New York. Through the falling snow they saw, in the distance, a brightly-lighted room, and, quickening their pace, when they reached the open door they entered, glad to find shelter, and sat down near the stove to listen to a speaker who was telling a number of people the true history of a hero in every-day life who had been a helper to the hard-pressed men and women among whom he lived, and had, at last, lost his life in some brave deed done in their service.

The story fascinated the boys. They were roused to great enthusiasm for such courage and self-sacrifice; and, fired by a longing to imitate his spirit, they formed themselves that same evening into a band and called themselves, in memory of their hero, the 'Harry Wadsworth Helpers.' Each boy pledged himself, from that time, to do something every week that would be a

help to some other person. Probably they found no chance for such stirring actions as some of those which had been recounted of the noble man whom they looked upon as their leader, but what did that matter? If an animal was saved from being ill-used, or a quarrel was stopped, or a good turn was done for someone who needed it, or even one brave word was spoken that helped a companion to keep to the right path, the world was so much the better for these little deeds, and how much better who can tell? For we never know the end of what we do or say nor what great results may spring from our smallest actions.

But the 'Harry Wadsworth Helpers' *did* find out one thing, and that was that a helpful, kindly spirit is wonderfully infectious, and that a good influence once set on foot tends to spread fast from one person to another. See how a cheerful voice and face seem to bring sunshine with them, and a sunny disposition we can all cultivate. When our wounded soldiers were lying in grievous pain in the great hospital at Scutari, during the Crimean War, it was the sight of Florence Nightingale's face that soothed and comforted them. 'Before she came,' said one of the soldiers, 'there was such cursin' and swearin', and after that all was holy as a church. She would speak to one and another and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there in hundreds; but we would kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads on the pillow again content.'

It is a beautiful story, and a true one, how brave, strong Walt Whitman used to visit the hospitals in

Washington, during the American Civil War. He had no money and no gifts for the poor sufferers, as most of the visitors had; but he used to go through the wards with his arms full of field flowers and lay them on the beds with a cheerful greeting and a friendly touch of his strong, tender hands. The sad faces brightened at the first sight of him, and feeble cries of 'Walt, Walt, come back, come back!' followed him as he passed by the beds. And so, too, in our every-day life, a cheerful spirit is one of the greatest powers we possess for helping to make the world happy; and what a grand thing it is that we do not need to be rich and powerful, if we want to help to 'make the world more homelike.'

> Little things, on little wings,
> Bear little souls to heaven.

This winter there is a boy of fifteen living on a farm in Derbyshire. He went there a couple of months ago to learn something about the care of animals, and he resolved to try to tame the sheep and make them love him. He has succeeded, and the country people, who have been used to see the frightened flocks driven by the shepherd and chased over the hills by the clever shepherd dogs, are astonished now to see this boy walking quietly in front of the sheep calling 'gyp! gyp!' and the willing creatures hurrying after him—led, not driven—from the meadow to the farm. That spirit of kindness to animals is an influence that spreads with a speed we do not always recognize, neither do we bear in mind

the worth of the little kind deeds and words that it is in the power of any of us to do and say all day long.

In reading the histories of the heroes and heroines who have become famous helpers in the world, I like to go back to their early years and trace the spirit of helpfulness beginning then—to see how, for example, Father Damien, who laid down his life for the lepers of Molokai, was once a village boy, always ready to help his poor neighbours. and so kind to the thirsty cattle on the dusty roads, that he was known as 'the little shepherd;' and how Louisa Alcott, who became a well-known authoress, spent her girlhood in hard work so that she might lessen her father's burdens, and make a restful home for her mother. And so of many other great men and women whose lives are examples for all time. However great these saints and heroes became, we never find them despising the little things of life—'the trifles that make up the sum of human happiness.'

> True worth is in being, not seeming,
> In doing each day that goes by
> Some little good; not in the dreaming
> Of great things to do by-and-by.
> For whatever men say in their blindness,
> And spite of the fancies of youth,
> There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
> And nothing so royal as truth.

A famous man who did very much to lessen the trouble in the world, said to himself in his boyhood: 'There are two great heaps in the world—a heap of misery and a heap of happiness. I am going to add to the heap of happiness;' and he kept his resolution.

What a changed world this would be, if all the young ones now growing up were to resolve that they would add to the heap of happiness in it, and then *did* add a trifle to that heap every day during their lives. Molehills make mountains, and brooks make rivers. and no good deeds or words are ever wasted, but their influence goes on and on we know not where.

FRANCES E. COOKE.

## PREACHING.

*And as ye go, preach.*—MATT. x. 7.

WHEN I was a little boy in petticoats, I used to preach. Don't laugh, please! Our sitting-room was my church. A chair was my pulpit. My younger brother, and the cat, and all the things in the room, and sometimes father and mother, were the congregation. As for my sermons—well, I've quite forgotten those; I'm sure my brother doesn't remember them; and, even if it were living, it would be no use now to ask the cat!

Nay, you need not smile; for you used to preach, too. O yes you did! Perhaps not just in the same way that I did. Still, I say, you preached. Every boy and girl preaches, in one way or another. You may be preaching at this very moment. I dare say you have preached many times even in one day.

Now, let me explain. What does this word 'preach' mean? It comes from a Latin word *predicare*, which means to tell, to announce, to make known. And, as you see, we can announce or make things known in more ways than one. Does not the number on your

own door tell something? Does not the name on a street announce what street it is? Do not the words and the marks on a sign-post in a country lane tell you the way? You know by the signal at a railway station when the train is due, and you know by the whistle when it is off! And these are only a few of the many ways you can think of which, without a single word being spoken, tell, or announce, or make known something. All I want to show you, at this point, is that it is not by spoken words alone that things are made known. Sermon, it is true, comes from a Latin word *sermo*, which means talk; and the word sermon literally means a spoken word. But I want you to see that it is not in sermons only that we preach; for, as I said, you preach, and yet you may never do it in spoken words.

'And as ye go, preach.' Who said that? If you look in the New Testament, you see that it was the Great Teacher, and whom did he say it to? Yes, to some who had been his scholars or disciples, and whom he was now sending out as teachers or apostles. They were to 'go' from place to place, he said; 'and, as ye go'—do what? They were to make known something good. Jesus had made it known to them. What was it? Why this: that every man or boy is God's son, and that every woman or girl is God's daughter. Fancy how proud you would be, if you found out that you were of royal or of noble blood! But what Jesus made known was even more exalting: it was that you and I are of royal, yea, divine spirit. That is, we are descended from God! Could anything be finer?

Well now, to put this into words only seems poor. If Jesus had preached it only in words, people would hardly have believed him. But, you know, he behaved and lived and acted and bore himself, day by day, like a son of so great a King. All his spirit and his deeds therefore made known—preached—the charms of goodness and the kinship of God.

So, of course, his learners or disciples would have to do the same. Look in the chapter where Jesus is telling them what to do as they 'go' or 'journey,' and you will see how, in more ways than by words, they were to 'preach' or make known God and goodness. By patience, by faith, by endurance, by cheerfulness, in the way they went about their work, in the way they suffered when they had to do, in the manner they lived towards men and God every day, they, in all these things, made God and goodness better known, and so added to the goodness of the world.

Yes, my boy or girl, you are a preacher, though you never get into a pulpit and never may. As you 'go' you preach; that is, as you go on your way to school or work, as you play in a game, as you sit at your lessons, as you do your different duties, as you pass from place to place, you preach. Even without words, you make goodness lovely and God loved. And here is a beautiful story which shows how. St. Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said, 'Brother, let us go down into the town and preach.' So they went forth, the venerable Father and the young man. And they

walked along upon their way, conversing as they went. They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and the village beyond, until they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then said the young monk, 'Father, when shall we begin to preach?' And the Father looked kindly down upon his son and said, 'My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen—looked at; our behaviour has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk.'

J. J. WRIGHT.

## 'THE GREY PORTER.'

SOME six hundred years ago, there lived in the city of Florence, in Italy, a poor man whose name was Pietro Borsi. He made a living as a porter by going messages and carrying burdens for the households of the wealthy nobles under whose palace walls he used to sit in the sunshine, with his fellows of the same occupation, waiting for work. Pietro was very different from most of his companions. He disliked the idle hours they loved, and shrank from their rough ways and talk; and, by degrees, almost unnoticed by them, his influence worked such a change among them that they agreed to his proposal that they should fine each other for swearing. Then they fell in with his suggestion that they should buy litters with the money thus raised, and hold themselves, each man in his turn, in the intervals of his work, in readiness to carry the sick and wounded people of the city on these litters to the hospital.

Florence in those days was often at war with neighbouring towns; moreover, there were constantly feuds going on among the nobles and wealthy families, and street frays were of common occurrence. So it came

to pass, that many times each day bells would summon the porters to their charitable work in one part or other of the city.

Pietro's little mission grew to larger proportions. In the course of years men from all classes, both princes and artisans, joined it and held themselves in readiness to serve their fellow-citizens, not only by carrying the litters, but by nursing the sick and wounded. 'Misericordia,' or the 'Brotherhood of Mercy,' was the name by which the company of willing helpers was then known; but the days came when few people remembered how Pietro Borsi had sown the little seed from which a harvest of kind deeds had sprung. But what did that matter?

Long after Pietro's death, among the members of this 'Brotherhood of Mercy,' was an old man, a porter like its founder, called Piero Luca. He went by the name of the 'grey porter,' for old age had silvered his hair; yet, while strength lasted, he was always ready at the sound of the bell to hurry away to some task of love or pity, and all over Florence he was known as one who was always ready to help. But at last he fell ill and lay unconscious for days, and all the noises in the busy narrow street below the poor room in which he lived were unnoticed by him. One evening a barefooted monk—the people of Florence were Roman Catholics—sat by 'the grey porter,' waiting to give him extreme unction, anointing him with oil according to the rites of the Church before he passed away. The sunlight was fading on the distant hills, and the beautiful gardens of the city, and the

busy sounds of life and work were giving way to the silence of the night, when there came through the open window the sound of the bell and the heavy tread of men marching in order. Piero started and tried to rise from his bed, but fell back again powerless with a low cry of pain.

'It is only the Brotherhood of Mercy going on some good errand,' said the monk.

'Alas! alas!' cried the poor porter, faintly, 'it is the first time for forty years that the bell has called to me in vain. I cannot go to help.' The monk tried to soothe him, and said: 'My son, your work is done; you are going to your eternal rest—to sit down in white robes and wear a golden crown for ever. You will be the guest of God, and nothing shall disturb your perfect bliss.'

Piero found no comfort in this promise, and the monk heard him say, as he tossed upon his pillow, that 'The crown would be too heavy for his old grey head, and, God forgive him if the thought was wrong, but he would find it hard to sit night and day with his hands folded that had been always busy with work for men in this sorrowful world. He was too poor for grand company, and would pray rather to be let to keep his love and pity and live for ever in the world of pain, to help and comfort those sad souls who were not fit for Heaven.'

The story tells that the monk crossed himself in horror and fled from poor old Piero, who closed his eyes again with the prayer, 'Thy will be done.' And then it seemed to him that a great peace came over

him, and a voice said to him in tones most pitiful and tender: 'Never fear! for Heaven is love as God Himself is love; thy work below shall be thy work above,'[1] and when he opened his eyes he thought he saw an angel's face bending over him.

The first of these two stories is historical, the second contains both truth and legend, and has beautiful meaning for us, which, perhaps, the children who have read this address have discovered for themselves. This old Italian porter, ignorant and poor, had found his happiness in life in helping every one he could, and learned as he was dying that it was just his loving heart and his readiness to serve and comfort that made him fit to enter Heaven. This is the kind of spirit that should be growing within us now—the spirit that loves to help and is unselfish and tender; for this only is the spirit that fits people to be 'ministering angels' when they die.

FRANCES E. COOKE.

[1] 'Whittier: 'The Brother of Mercy.'

## WONDER AND JOY.

THIS morning I was standing at the window, looking at an apple-tree just showing its red buds. It is an old tree, with stiff, awkward branches, but just now the clusters of rosy buds and green leaves cover these so thickly that it is all beautiful. And I thought of all the Springs—one after the other—that this apple-tree had been putting out its buds, ever since it was a tiny tree a few feet high. Sometimes they grew into apples, and the branches bent down with their weight. Sometimes they did not. But the tree went on blossoming year after year.

Then I thought of some of the Springs I remembered particularly. There was one Spring when I was in a country full of orchards. The long valley was full of them. The hills sloping up on either side of the valley were covered with them, and they were all in blossom at once. The sky was blue overhead, and for miles around the world was all pink and white. There was nothing but blossoms. It was like fairy-land.

Then I went back still further to the first Spring I really remember, when I was a little girl running up

and down the garden walks, pulling down the branches within my reach that I might smell the new white blossoms. And the gardener said, 'Don't you wish, miss, they were all cherries?' But I didn't wish it, in the least. I felt nothing could be so pretty as the cherry-tree in bloom.

So the apple-tree in front of the window woke up in my mind the thought of all the years—one after another—it had faithfully come into blossom; and also the thought of all the other apple-trees in other places, in different parts of the world that I had seen blossom. And these, again, brought to me the thought of all those I had *not* seen, but which I knew had blossomed for other people to see. And then behind these was the thought of the apple-trees that grew and blossomed long before any that are now growing; and the trees that grew before those, till a faint idea of the untold loveliness that God brings out of this earth fresh every Spring began to come to me; and the one apple-tree became a thousand thousand, spreading over the whole world now, and reaching back and back farther than one could think.

Now, this is one way in which the world may grow richer and fuller to us as we grow older. As we go on seeing and feeling and thinking, these long chains of remembered things form in our memories, and a new sight or sound not only gives us pleasure in itself, but it wakes up the sense of these past beautiful things, which lay somewhere out of sight in our minds, and they all come back fresh and delightful. Instead of only enjoying the one thing before us, we enjoy that, and all these others along with it.

But sometimes we do not feel in this way. Instead of feeling, when a beautiful thing comes over and over again, a new gladness, we get used to it, pay no attention to it, or even are tired of it. I suppose the man must have felt so who said he was tired of always seeing the Spring green. He wished it could be red for once.

Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than a river always flowing, flowing between its green banks through trees and meadows, onward to the sea. The water goes, but the river is always there. There was a man once who had a beautiful mansion on the bank of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. People used to come from London, and elsewhere, and say how lovely it was. But he used to say he did not see anything in it. It was just water flowing.

The other day I was reading a book you all know —'Robinson Crusoe.' One day he found near his hut some stalks of millet and corn growing. He had not sown any, he had not found any growing elsewhere on his island, and his first thought was that God had made them grow on purpose for him, that they came by what is called a miracle. He had led, you remember, a hard wild kind of life, not thinking about God; but now he felt so glad and grateful. But after a while it occurred to him that the seeds might have somehow come with other things he had brought from the ship; that they had grown naturally, just as corn and millet grow all over the world. Then it seemed quite common-place to him, and he did not think of God as having made them grow any more.

The Duke of Queensberry in his mansion, and Robinson Crusoe in his hut, left off enjoying, left off wondering as soon as they were used to what they saw, as soon as they knew it was always going on. And that way of taking things makes the world grow tame and poor and dull as we grow older.

Nobody would want the world to grow poor and dull to him if he thought about it. Everyone would like it to grow brighter and fuller. Well, then, we must open our eyes to see the beautiful things, to enjoy them as they pass. We mustn't let them slip by without noticing them.

A lady said to a pedlar one day, 'I dare say it isn't always pleasant to go about the country as you do, in winter, but you must enjoy it in summer when it is so beautiful.' 'Oh,' said the pedlar, 'when I am on business how can I bother about the beautiful?'

Think of that, 'Bothering about the beautiful!' As if to see and feel what is beautiful would not sweeten all work, and soften all worry, and refresh all weariness! As if it took any time, or cost any trouble beyond opening our eyes and hearts to take it in!

And then nobody would ever think—if he thought at all about it—that it was a great thing to have one apple-tree blossom once, but that it was a small thing to have an orchard blossom year after year; a small thing to have a world of orchards that blossomed for ages of springs. No one would think—if he thought about it at all—that it was a wonderful thing for God to cause a few stalks of grain to grow to feed one man, and an insignificant thing for Him to cause thousands

and millions of acres to wave with golden corn year after year to feed the whole race of man, so that there is enough for us all. No one, I say, could for a moment think that, if he thought at all. Yet by *not* thinking about it we may come to feel thus: instead of feeling a larger gladness in seeing God working in His large, constant, bountiful way, always near, always acting, always loving, by not thinking we may miss seeing Him altogether, and have no joy in His work and no happy sense of His presence.

A long time ago I read a story of a little boy who lived at Oxford. He was one of a very large family, and a very poor family, hardly ever having enough to eat, and too little to work. One day, wandering past one of the colleges, he saw through the opened gate a wonderful sight: a bed of golden yellow flowers—winter aconite, I think—lying on the brown mould. He had never seen anything so lovely. It was like looking into Paradise. He came again and again, but the gate was shut, and he could not even peep through the keyhole. His great joy was lost. Then he went to the mound of refuse that the gardeners had brought outside the garden, and began turning it over and over with his hands to see if by any chance he could find some bit of root or bulb that had been thrown away. And at last he found something—a little pale crocus with the bud just formed—that had been thrown on the rubbish heap. He took it home tenderly, and tried to find a place for it in the hard, coarse garden plot at home. He brought some fine earth from a neighbouring molehill, he fenced it in, he watched and

sheltered it from the bleak winds and cold nights. And at last one sunny, still Sunday morning his crocus opened its golden cup like light and fire from heaven dropped down on the dull earth. He called the family—the neighbours—to see his flower and share his rapture. But to the others it was only a yellow crocus. Some laughed at him, and one old man said, in pity, 'God bless the poor boy!'

But which was really most to be pitied, the boy who found such joy in his crocus, or those who couldn't see anything to enjoy in it?

Let us try, at least, to be like that boy. I mean, let us try to see and to feel all that is lovely in the world around us; and the more of it we find, and the more certain and constant it is, the more let our joy and wonder grow.

C. A. Farrington.

## THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

*She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.*—PROVERBS xxxi. 26.

THAT is a good verse to remember, and it is the second half of it I want to talk to you about. '*In her tongue is the law of kindness.*' It is taken from the description of a good woman, with which the Book of Proverbs ends. She is very diligent and prudent, and looks well after her household; she is up early in the morning, and while she works herself sees that others are not idle. 'She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."' Most beautiful of all is the verse: 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.' And next, I think, come the words I want you specially to remember and think about: 'In her tongue is the law of kindness.'

Perhaps you think it is no very great praise to say a person is kind, and speaks kindly—that it is easier and more natural to be kind than unkind.

But wait a little, and think of all that it means, and then, perhaps, you will agree that it is not so very easy after all.

To be always kind, you must have self-control. That means keeping our bad temper in check, like holding in a fierce horse with a bridle, not letting angry words break out, crushing down all mean thoughts, all selfishness and jealousy, never letting our lower nature get the upper hand. Until we have done this, and gained real control over ourselves, we cannot be sure of being always kind, and the law of kindness will not be in our tongue.

So you see at once, it is not very easy. But those who fight bravely this battle between good and evil, grow stronger and better able to do the work God asks of us all. It is strong character that helps most of all, and strong character is gained by always trying, and striving after what we know is good.

Well then, if you are provoked, always try to keep control over yourself; keep back the angry words that are so quick to come. Instead of answering back, hold yourself in; and you will be surprised how soon the anger is all gone, and what seemed such bad temper in the others is gone too.

There is a story about a wise priest in Ireland, that I should like to tell you. He lived in a village where there was a very quarrelsome couple, and one day the wife came to him and complained bitterly of the miserable life she led because of her husband's bad temper. She could bear it no longer, and she begged the priest to help her. He listened quite seriously to her story

and then going to a cupboard took out a bottle, which he gave her. 'My good woman,' he said, 'take this bottle of holy water, and every time your husband gets into a bad temper, take a spoonful of it, and *keep it in your mouth for five minutes*. You will find that he will soon be cured.'

The woman thought it very strange, but she promised to do what the priest told her; and it was not long before she came back full of gratitude, saying that the water had a wonderful effect, and that her husband was getting quite good-tempered.

Of course, you see what had happened. There was nothing special in the water, but when it was in her mouth she could not answer back! And you might do worse, when you are provoked, than think of that story and keep your mouth shut. Very soon you will learn to be thankful indeed, that you are getting such control over yourself, and helping others also to keep from bad temper.

Then to be always kind we must learn to be thoroughly unselfish, ready to give up our own will, and think more of the pleasure of others than our own. That seems hard at first; but it is really the selfish people who are most miserable, and the happiest are those whose first thought is for others. You can always find ways of being unselfish, in doing unpleasant duties, which no one else wants to do, in giving up some pleasure to another; but it must be done with a bright and cheerful face, not to make others uncomfortable by letting them see you are giving up to them. That is the true unselfishness, and it will give you greater happiness than any selfish pleasure.

And again, we must be thoughtful and sympathetic. So often we say and do things that hurt other people, and our only excuse is: 'I didn't mean to hurt her,' 'I didn't think he would mind.' No, it was just thoughtlessness; but it is sad to think how much pain and misery is caused by want of thought. So remember to be thoughtful, and to have sympathy with others—that is, *feel with others;* think how they will feel and what they will like.

A poor woman in a workhouse once told me how dreary her life was, and then she said how eagerly she always looked forward to the visit of the Master of the workhouse. I asked whether he came often, and she said: 'O, no; he's too busy, and he never has time for more than a word or two with you, but what he says, he says in such a kind way, it quite warms your heart.' It made me think how much can be done by a few kind sympathetic words, how easy they are to speak, and how often we neglect to say them. It made me wish that we were all more thoughtful and cared more to do our part to make sunshine in the world.

Now, do you see how much goes to make real kindness—self-control, unselfishness, thoughtfulness, and sympathy. Only when you have learnt to have all these will the law of kindness be in your tongue, because it will be in your heart. But do not think it is too much to ask, and too difficult. Begin at once, and every step onwards and upwards will give you a new happiness. Remember, it is God who asks it of us, and He helps us when we try, because we are His children.

E. MAHLER.

## ABOUT BIRDS.

WHEN Jesus bade his 'little ones,' as he sometimes called them, be 'harmless as doves,' he said that which should have made the gentle bird for ever sacred in our eyes. Yet these are the tame birds, which, amongst us, are made the victims of the tamest sport that ever was invented. And what would he have thought if he had seen a woman in the crowd with a dead dove fastened to her dress? When his mother presented him in the temple, forty days after his birth, and thanked God for her first-born son, she brought a pair of doves as her offering. It was a mistaken gift, if you like, as we understand thank-offerings now; but there was no thought of self in it—only of God's goodness to her, and her gratitude to Him. But if she had worn a stuffed dove as an ornament, that would have been vanity, and vanity of a very coarse kind.

And yet there are Englishwomen who go up to pray with the plumes of herons in their bonnets—pretty silver sprays which have been torn off the backs of parent-birds left bleeding on the ground, their young more slowly dying in the nests close by. It is

for them that gangs of hunters are sent through forest and swamp, at the risk of their own lives, to destroy (even to extermination) some of the loveliest and most inoffensive forms of life that earth can show. You would hardly believe me if I were to tell you how many millions of home and foreign bird-skins pass through London warehouses every year to supply the thoughtless demands of feather-wearing women. They have been told this over and over again; but they shut their eyes and go to church and chapel to hear what Jesus said about sparrows and harmless doves, and sometimes to sing 'O ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.' Isn't it strange?

Some day our descendants will turn over pictures of extinct species of birds, and they will read how feminine fashion had a great deal to do with their extinction, and perhaps they will think of us as we now think of savages who make a show on their persons of the things they have slain. I can understand, in a measure, the killing of a bird; but I cannot understand the wearing of it when killed. Killing is justifiable as a necessity, and a 'painful necessity' is a necessity which is thought of with pain. What excuse can be pleaded for that taking of life, which is neither necessary in the doing, nor painful in the remembrance?

Our very fondness sometimes makes us unkind. People who live in large crowded towns, like to have the birds of the country-side with them. Think what that means for the birds. Larks and linnets and gold-

finches are taken by thousands in nets during their autumn flight, and sent up to the London fanciers, and sixty out of every hundred, it is said, die in their little cages (hardly larger than a brick) in a fortnight's time. Jesus said that God knows all that happens to a single sparrow; therefore, He knows all that happens to the sixty per cent. I think it was the artist-poet Blake, who wrote :—

> A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.

He put it in that strong way in order that we might understand that God does not measure wrong by percentages. Injustice is injustice, whoever and wherever the victim may be. We do not cage robins, but there are other birds which can as little be taught to bear captivity; you might as well try to capture and tame the foam of the sea, and preserve its wild freshness under a glass case. It is difficult to lay down strict rules about children's pets—so much depends on the pets and on the children—but those who choose and allow them ought, I think, to consider whether they are encouraging a cruel trade, and also whether the little life that is to minister to a child's happiness will be robbed of its own. For any life that is maimed or marred or cramped, or thoughtlessly and wantonly forced into unnatural bondage, is not the life that God meant it to be.

E. P. Barrow.

## A BLACK HERO.

FOUR years ago, three African chiefs spent a few days in Liverpool, on their way to visit Queen Victoria. The names of the chiefs were Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool invited them to a grand banquet at the Town Hall, and all the guests were struck by the nobility and simplicity of these black princes. Khama had a fine intelligent face, an upright figure, and such a calm nobility that though he was black, men said 'he looked every inch a king.' His speech was eloquent and impressive, and when translated amazed his hearers; it was so simple and wise, so Christ-like and good. He told them how he was king in Bechuanaland and wished to remain a subject of Queen Victoria, and to prevent traders from bringing intoxicating liquors into his land, because this did his people harm. How came it that this black Khama, who had been brought up in a mud-hut with a heathen father, in the wilds of Africa, could speak so wisely and so well? Let us take a few peeps at his life, and then I think you will agree with me that Khama was a brave, true hero.

Khama was born about 1830. His father, Sekhome,

was chief of the principal tribe in Bechuanaland, which lies south of Central Africa. While Khama and his brothers were boys, a Lutheran missionary came to Shoshong, where they lived. And although Sekhome was a heathen, he liked the missionary so much that he allowed him to teach his sons. Thus Khama was taught about Jesus and to read the Bible in his own language, and before long he was baptized into the Christian Church. To become a Christian was no mere form with this earnest lad, but was the solemn dedication of his life to follow Christ. He really believed the truths which Jesus taught, and faithfully tried to live in the spirit of his great Master.

If we who live in Christian lands find it hard to lead a Christ-like life, how much harder must it have been for Khama to be faithful to his religion in a heathen land! Khama fought bravely against his country's enemies, the fierce Matabele race; but, after gaining a victory, he would not allow cruelty or plunder, nor would he attend the *Bogura* or heathen rites with which his people celebrated a victory. His father, Sekhome, ordered him to attend, then begged him, then got angry, and said no son of his should be his heir who would not attend this heathen thanksgiving. Still Khama was firm—he would be faithful to his conscience and his God, even if he lost the kingdom.

When Sekhome found he could not make Khama give up Christianity, he determined to slay him, and took some men to Khama's hut one night, commanding them to kill him while he slept. But the men loved the gentle Khama, and would neither kill him nor

allow Sekhome to do so. Before morning all the town had heard of Sekhome's wicked plan, and rose up in favour of Khama, so that the old king fled to the hills in fear of his life.

Khama found out where his father was hiding, and promised to protect him if he would come back to his old position. At first Sekhome was timid, but Khama met him with every mark of respect, and made him king once more. But this generous forgiveness did not really touch the father's heart, and he went on plotting against his son's life. He got some witch-doctors to set fire to Khama's hut one night, and dance around him, cursing and shouting out spells of the evil spirits they believed in. Khama got up, and without a murmur patiently put out the fire. Khama's friends now declared that he must resort to witchcraft himself, and curse his father, or they could no longer respect him; but he replied, 'The Word of God forbids me to curse anyone, least of all my own father.' Then the people left him, and to save his life he had to fly to the hills with his family and a few friends.

One day two of Khama's men brought him a horse of Sekhome's they had caught. But Khama rebuked them and reminded them that they were never to attack his father in any way. He made them take the horse back to Sekhome, and express his deep regret. Neither Christian nor heathen ever heard Khama speak against his father. After Sekhome's death, Khama's younger brother threatened his life, and tried to make himself chief. Khama went to him unattended, saying 'If my

brother desires to kill me, I had better go alone.' Alone he went, and so influenced his brother that there was peace.

When Khama was once established at Shoshong as ruler of the tribe he made a splendid chieftain. He had the wisdom and the courage to make laws for the good of his people, even though they might hate him for interfering with their ancient customs. Thus he forbade witchcraft and banished the witch-doctors, who believed in evil spirits. He put a stop to their cruel customs of treating weak, deformed, or aged persons. He forbade all cruel forms of punishment, and made his people treat their servants kindly. Khama saw that the beer his people were so fond of ruined their characters, so he called them together to his courtyard. There he told them plainly that they were utterly degraded by their beer-drinking, and that in future he entirely forbade them either to make it or drink it. The people thought this unbearable and went away grumbling and threatening to make Khama's brother chief instead of him. Even the missionaries thought he had gone too far in this, and remonstrated with the chief; but he replied: 'Beer is the source of all quarrels and disputes. I will stop it.' And he did so at the risk of his life.

Then Khama called a meeting of the White men and forbade them to sell drink to his people. Over and over again, the Whites tried to introduce drink again; but Khama was firm. In a letter to the Administrator, Khama says: 'I dread the White man's drink more than the assegaies of the Matabele, which

kill men's bodies, and is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies. Its wounds never heal. I pray your honour never to ask me to open even a little door to the drink.' And when the chiefs came to this country, that was one of the things they cared most about. The Queen received them very graciously at Windsor Castle, and in speaking to them said:—

'I am glad to see the chiefs and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve of the provision excluding strong drink from their country. I feel strongly in this matter, aad am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people.'

It is very sad to think how much terrible mischief is done by our traders, who against the wishes of the wise natives and the wishes of our Queen, take out strong drink to those countries. But we must honour such a chief as Khama, who sees the evil, and dares to resist it with all his might. And we must hope that before long our people, who are stronger, and ought to be wiser and better than those natives of Africa, will make an end of such a shameful traffic.

H. M. Johnson.

## SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD.

YOU all know the story of the poor widow whom Jesus saw as he was watching the people in the outer court of the Temple at Jerusalem. As they went in they 'cast money into the treasury,' which was something like putting into the collection at church. The rich people gave a great deal, and some of them thought a great deal of themselves for doing it, though no doubt in those days, as in these, there were good and humble people among the rich also, who were simply glad to be able to help so much. But while Jesus was watching them, there came a poor widow, who had only two mites to give—just a farthing—and Jesus saw how much it cost her even to give that, and said to his disciples how her very humble gift was really worth more in the sight of God, because of the self-denial and the love she gave with it, than the large sums of money which cost the rich people very little.

And now I want to tell you the story of another widow, which comes to us from long ago, though not from the time of Jesus, a kind of Church fairy-tale, but with the same good and true lesson in it.

Many hundreds of years ago, while Constanti-

nople was still a Christian city, the Emperor Justinian was ruling there. And as he looked from his palace over the city he saw many churches and other buildings among the crowded houses, but there was no church which seemed to him great and noble enough to be worthy of the worship of God. And so he determined to build one, and said that over the entrance they should put in letters of gold, '*Built to God by the great Emperor Justinian.*'

Hundreds of workmen were set to work, great blocks of marble were brought from over the sea for the building of the church, and as the walls rose up, many beautiful things, gold and precious stones, were used to adorn it, till people said there could not be a nobler or more beautiful church; and over the porch was carved in golden letters the inscription the Emperor had ordered.

At last everything was finished, and a great festival was arranged, when the Emperor should go in state from his palace to the opening and dedication of the church. There were crowds of people all along the streets, and the priests in their splendid robes stood upon the marble steps of the church waiting for Justinian to come to lead him in.

When the Emperor arrived with the splendid company of his officers and attendants he stopped for a moment, and with a glow of pride looked up at the great church which he had built. But as he looked he grew pale, and the people seeing the astonishment and anger in his face looked where he was looking, and there over the porch, where his inscription had been

carved, were still indeed letters of gold, but what he and all the people now read was, '*This Church to God Euphrasia, widow, gave.*' What could it mean? Who had dared to alter the inscription? How was it possible? The letters were cut in marble—and yesterday everyone had read, '*Built to God by the great Emperor Justinian.*' No one could tell what it meant, nor who Euphrasia was. But as they all stood dumb with amazement an old man from among the priests drew near to the Emperor and said: 'It may hap that this is not of men, but of God.' Then some one in the crowd was found, who knew a woman called Euphrasia, and when she was brought before the Emperor she was more astonished than they all. A poor, old, grey-headed woman, living alone in her widowhood in a humble cottage down by the harbour, she had lately recovered from a grievous illness, and there were still marks of suffering from it to be seen in her face. When they questioned her, she said of course that she knew nothing of the inscription, but she told her story. During her illness linnets had come and sung at her window, cheering her solitude; and when she was well again, in her gratitude she had been eager to do some act of kindness, but did not know what to do. Then, while they were building the church, she had watched the oxen dragging the great blocks of marble up from the harbour, and in pity, as she saw how the sharp stones cut their feet, she had taken the straw from her poor mattress and scattered it on the stones to make it a little easier for them. . . That was all. She had nothing else to give;

but she did what she could. And that was her part in building the great church to God.

As he listened to her story the Emperor was cut to the heart. His own pride, and his desire for fame, had spoilt his gift of the church to God, and had made the gift worth less than that simple-hearted gratitude, and love and piety in the poor widow's heart. He bowed down in shame, humbled in his pride, and went in to the service of dedication in the church.

The story is, of course, a parable, and not history, but it may help to teach us what makes the real worth of what we give.

V. D. Davis.

## WORDS IN OUR HEARTS.

*'Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.'*

THE oldest writing we know of is on *stone* or *brick*. That seems strange when we first think of it. But when we think of it again it seems quite natural, For what men wanted of writing was that it should last; and so they would naturally use the hardest and most lasting substances they knew to write on. Besides, stone and brick were the two materials they had learned to cut and mould. In fact, as far as we can see, they were the only materials they had to work on, so that, perhaps, they didn't choose at all, but simply used what was at hand.

Some of you may have seen on the Embankment in London a tall stone pillar called Cleopatra's Needle, covered from top to bottom with this ancient writing. If you can go to the British Museum you will find in the Assyrian Room an immense quantity of writing on bricks or clay tablets, some small, some large, many broken; and if someone is with you who can explain them, you will find it wonderful to touch thus bits of the life of so many thousands of years

ago. Names of people, their bargains, and their contracts, their marriages, their customs, their battles, their laws and their beliefs, and domestic habits, all preserved to us by being written on these clay tablets.

Of course, what is in the Museum is only a very little of that past life, fragments of what were once State Records and Kings' Libraries. And we see that libraries written on stone or brick must have taken up much room and have been clumsy to handle, and liable to be broken, as so many of these have been.

In our time most writing is done on *paper*. A book is certainly very much lighter to hold than a brick; and if we wish to write ourselves, how much more quickly and easily can we write with our pen than the writer of old times could write with his chisel! To be sure, paper is very easily torn and soiled, yet this need not happen if we are careful. And since printing (which is writing by machinery) puts it in our power to have many copies of the same writing, and to print it over again when the old copies are worn out, paper serves us so much better than stone, both in spreading the knowledge of what we want to be known and in making that knowledge last. Whoever has something to say which seems to him so true or so beautiful that he wishes others to know it, something that he wishes to be remembered, writes it now on paper; because that is the surest way he has of making it known or remembered. He writes his words in a book, though a book seems a very frail thing, yet through the book these words go out to thousands of people whom his voice could not reach

and, perhaps, they will go down to thousands more who will not be born till years after he is dead. I think every one of us knows something of the delight and profit there is in thus having words written on paper, written in books.

There is another way of writing. Words may be written in our *memory*. In fact, words are written on paper that they may become written on our memory. If one forgot at once all he read, it could be of no manner of pleasure or use to him. That part of all we read which is fixed in our minds, which stays with us, and is there when we want to use it, is the part that does us good. This is the reason that we all spend years when we are children in writing on our memory those things which our parents and teachers think most necessary for us to know. What we are doing in school is, transferring what is written in our school books into our minds, writing it there. Sometimes this is dull work, sometimes it is difficult work, sometimes it is delightful work. But always so much as we have packed away in our minds is what we have to rely on for our future use. All the knowledge in the world is stored somewhere in books. If I could only get at it how learned and how wise should I be! And yet only so much of it as I can take from outside my mind and put inside my mind will ever do me any good. Happily, we can always keep on doing this, we need not stop with our school days. What a delightful thing it is to have a store of true thoughts and beautiful sayings so written on our memory as always to be there when we want them; coming of themselves,

without our having to rummage libraries and turn over the leaves of books for them!

This brings us very nearly to what we mean when we say, 'Write these words in our hearts.' Words may sometimes be written on our memories without being written on our hearts. We have said them over and over till we remember them, without caring anything about them, without even thinking what they mean. Perhaps you may have sung or said these very words in the service so, because they were in the book or because other people were saying them; and if you had been asked, 'Well, what are these words which you ask may be written on your heart?' you would have been puzzled, and not have known what to say. When I was a little girl I remember learning in this way the long speech of Stephen in the seventh chapter of Acts. I learned it with my head, but I wasn't interested in it, and so it was soon forgotten. It was not written on my heart. And this is what generally happens to what we learn with our memory only. To make anything stay in our memory we must care for it, we must love it.

Some of you, I dare say, have heard a story about Queen Mary and Calais. Long years before Queen Mary's time the English had conquered and held a large part of Northern France, and they were proud of holding it. Then the French won back nearly all the English had taken, till by-and-by only the town of Calais remained to England. And at last, in Queen Mary's reign, the French got Calais back. Queen Mary had many troubles, but this was one of the

bitterest. 'When I am dead,' she used to say, 'you will find Calais written on my heart.'

You understand perfectly what she meant. She meant all her pride and love for that last bit of English sovereignty beyond the sea, and all her grief in losing it. She could not forget it because she loved it.

So we mean when we say, 'Write these words in our hearts,' help us to feel them, help us to find them true and good, help us to care for them, help us to love them! Then they never can be forgotten. Something will remind us of them just when we need them. They will be part of our own life, part of ourselves.

C. A. Farrington.

## SACRIFICE WITHOUT BLEMISH.

'*If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.*'—*Luke* xiv. 26.

THAT sounds a very hard saying, but we must bear in mind that Eastern people use strong words to express their meaning; and I think you will soon understand what Jesus meant.

His meaning was, that where a thing is right to do we must do it, whatever it costs us, and whoever tries to hold us back from doing it. Not one of those dearest to us is to weigh with us against the highest and best that we see to do.

Do you know the story of the rich young man who came to Jesus? (You can read it in *Matt.* xix. 16.) Perhaps he had heard Jesus speaking to the people, and seen him blessing the children, and had had his eyes opened to see the possibilities of a wonderfully high and holy life before him, to which he longed to attain. But he was very rich, and Jesus saw that he loved his wealth, and was selfish in it. Jesus first tells him to keep the Commandments (amongst which is

'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'); and when the young man says, 'All these have I kept from my youth up,' Jesus loved him, but said, 'One thing thou lackest, go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.' 'And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved, for he had great possessions.' He had not thought of this. Give up his wealth? He was not prepared for that. It was too much for him, so he turned sorrowfully away.

But those who desire to be God's true children, to come to Jesus and to go with him as his disciples, must yield themselves altogether, and hold back nothing. Very often we long to be *quite* good, to do right always; and we *mean* to be so: but just when we think we are going to succeed, we find, like the rich young man, that there is a great sacrifice that we ought to make, and we feel that it is just too much, we *can't* make it, and we hope that God will not mind, and we refuse it. But we have seen it and known it, and we know in our hearts that we have done less than the best we knew. 'His own life also'—even that we must be ready to give up; and yet we could not make the sacrifice that we ought to have made. Then we have not really as much love as we believed for what is right; we love something else even better. Then we cannot be disciples of Jesus.

A little story that I have read remains in my memory, though I forget where I read it. A very little boy had been hearing from his mother stories

about the martyrs, and how they gave up all that they loved best for love of truth and right. He thought it beautiful, and that he would like to be like the martyrs, and would try to be so. He had one treasure that he loved above all the rest—and this was an accordion, on which he could play music. A little friend came to play with him, and he thought he would give all his favourite toys for his friend to play with, and to choose from; but when he remembered his accordion he felt that he could not part with that; he knew that the martyrs gave up *all* that they loved best; but, perhaps, nothing was quite so dear as his accordion; so he thrust it away out of sight, to the back of the cupboard behind the toys, and hoped the little boy would not see it. But when all had been turned out and admired, the accordion was found, and the little boy wanted it most of all. Teddy snatched it from him and burst out crying, and they both cried till Teddy's mother came; and when he sobbed out all his story, and how he had wanted to be like the martyrs, she managed to comfort them both, and I think she helped him to give it to his friend.

A very different story is one that is told of the French Revolution, when, in the terrible time that was called the Reign of Terror, people were hurried to prison, and then to death on mere suspicion, and died without a hope of rescue. An elderly man was thus thrown one night into a dark foul prison, and found himself amongst a number of other prisoners whom he could scarcely see by the light of a wretched lamp. After he had been there some time, and his eyes grew

used to the dimness, he could see his companions better; and he watched them, and his eyes passed from one to another, till at last they were stopped at the sight of a young man asleep on a rough bed. It was his own son. He had been put into the prison before his father, and would therefore probably be called out to execution before him. Loizerolles was horrified. He did not wake him, for he thought it might be his last sleep on earth: he sat by him and watched, and hoped he would not wake to see his father there. Then he found a relief to his agony in a thought that gave him just a *hope* of life for his son. Was not his son named after him? Would not the names of those to go to execution be called in the morning? Who would know the difference between the two men with the same name, if only the son slept on? How he longed for the morning! How he longed for that dreadful list to be called, that he might go first, and leave his son a chance to live! At last it came. What a noise the man made, as he called the names: Loizerolles' heart beat with fear—but not for himself—only lest his son should wake. When the name was called the father promptly answered and came forward, and the son slept on. The doors closed. The band of prisoners called were taken away and executed, and the father had his wish: the son was saved, for the Reign of Terror was over, and he was set free.

The steersman who sticks to the burning ship till he has run it into port, or perished in the attempt; the captain who sees every person under his care put into the boats before he leaves the sinking ship; the boy

who jumps into the water to save a drowning child—each of these is urged forward by something that calls him more strongly even than father or mother, or wife, or child: he forsakes all to obey the call, and flings even his own life into God's hands: he withholds nothing, but rushes forward to the call. This is what Jesus means by those words about 'hating' all else compared with the highest duty that we can see. When we have once seen anything good or great that we can do, we are bound to do it, and not to flinch, even though it wrings from us great sacrifices. One of the commands given to the Israelites was, that when they made a sacrifice it was to be 'without blemish.' That is what our sacrifices must be; we must not make a partial or damaged sacrifice, but a complete one.

We are often told that if we do right we shall be happy; but you can easily see that though it may bring us a certain peace to feel that we have not been unfaithful, yet there must often be terrible pain in doing what is right; but that makes no difference in our duty: we must do the right, and not count the cost, but leave the consequences to God. He will not ask of us more than we can bear; and His love will hold us up and guide us, however sad and dark the way may seem.

GERTRUDE MARTINEAU.

## THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

*'And the chief captain answered to Paul, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." And Paul said, "But I was free born."'—Acts* xxii. 28.

AS we go along the streets of our English towns we see numbers of churches and chapels—Catholic churches, Church of England churches, chapels of Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and others. All these are called Christian churches, because in different ways they look up to Jesus and love him and wish to follow him; and everybody may go to any of these churches or chapels without hindrance. There is little trouble now amongst the bands of people who go to these different churches. But what should we English *now* say if the Queen were to order all the people who went to any churches except the Church of England to be put in prison, and then brought out for trial as to what they believed; and then if they could not say that they believed all that the Church of England taught, what should we think if they were publicly whipped with a crowd looking on, in one of our town squares or markets; and if they would not change their belief, in

obedience to the flogging, what should we think if a great pile of wood and tar-barrels were made, like a bonfire, in the market-place, and if the man who refused to change his belief were tied to a stake in the middle of the pile, the fire lighted, and the poor man burned to death for his religion? Should we stand by and look on, afraid to do anything? Should we not do *anything* to save him, rather than see such a dreadful thing happen?

Such cruel things cannot be done in England in these days, because England is now a country where there is freedom, and where persecutions of that kind would not be tolerated. We have a good Queen who loves her people, and loves them to have freedom to believe what they think truest and best, and does not wish them to be made ashamed or afraid to confess their belief. But these things *were* done in England not so very long ago. Between 400 and 500 years ago numbers of English men and women and lads and girls died for their religion. I wonder if we could do so now? Which of you could defy the fire and torture and keep brave and true? Which of you could stand firm while the fire burnt you and slowly killed you, because you were true to your faith and your God? How easily, when anyone only *blames* us, do we give in and say something cowardly; we put off upon others even *small* blame cast on us, instead of bravely bearing it ourselves. Could we bear *greater* persecutions better? Could we do this—bear to die in agony rather than *be false?*

An old widow woman, more than eighty years old,

went bravely to be burnt for religion 400 years ago (in 1494), and died defying her persecutors who could not touch *her soul* with their fires, and 'crying to God to take her soul into His holy hands.'

In 1506 a man was burnt at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, his little daughter being forced to set fire to the faggots with her own hands.

A man was burnt at Salisbury, and his wife and seven children were set before him, to try and break down his courage; but seeing them only made him braver and more faithful, and he died in their sight.

We sit here and read of these things now, in our peace and comfort, and say quietly, 'He died in their sight.' But think what those words contain. Put yourselves there in the market-place before the lighted faggots upon which stood a man, and fancy what you would feel if that man were your father. Think of your father burnt to death before your eyes, not because he was wicked, but because he was too good to be false; and you powerless to save him. 'Save him,' do you say? Is not that man 'safe'? Safer than any of us with our strongest love could make him? Think of his brave soul, not to be daunted by the pain of his poor body: could we not *envy* one so strong in soul—so clearly in the hands of God, though to others he seemed so deserted? Even the poor wife and children, in the midst of their agony, would feel a sort of triumph; and as his spirit passed into heaven, it would seem as if they went a little way with him, and shared the blessedness which followed his faithfulness unto death.

Many other such stories you can read in our English history. All these people we may say *suffered for us;* through their sufferings freedom has been won for us, and we are saved by their death and their afflictions from having to suffer the same; for by their courage and faithfulness men were slowly taught to see that by killing their bodies they could not kill their religion or their faithfulness; their example only inspired others again and again to be as faithful and strong, and the religion which they wished to put an end to only grew the stronger and firmer for persecution.

In later and less cruel times in England many people who did not agree with the religion usually taught used to meet for their services in private houses, or out of doors, keeping a watch lest messengers should be sent to break up their meetings, and, perhaps, put their preachers and leaders in prison. Some little chapels were built, hidden away out of sight, lest the congregation should be discovered and scattered and punished. How different from our own times, when we can all go without fear into whatever church or chapel we like, and worship in our own way in safety! The steadfastness of our forefathers has won us this freedom, and how much we ought to value what they bought so dearly for us!

In all our schools we now have plenty of Bibles and Testaments, and many of you have Bibles of your own which you can read for yourselves; but do you know that there were no English Bibles till the year 1500? The Bible was in Latin, and only learned people could

read it, and the people only knew as much about it as the priests and clergy chose to teach them. But some learned people begun to long for everyone to be able to read the Bible for himself, and one reformer, Erasmus, said: 'I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of it to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey.'

There was a man named William Tyndale, who was very anxious that the common people should be taught what he considered to be the plain truth about Jesus Christ, and learn the story of his life direct from the Bible, and he was very much persecuted for this by the Catholics; and one priest said to him in anger that it would be 'better to be without God's law than without the Pope's,' to which Tyndale answered: 'I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than do all of you.' After that Tyndale gave his life to the work of translating the Bible into English. He had to go to Germany to have it printed, and after a great deal of pains and trouble and much opposition Tyndale's Bible was brought out in English; but the English Bishops were angry, and did not like it to be sold or spread about in the country; and Tyndale was obliged to stay in Antwerp, where he had gone to be safe from their anger and enmity, and where he lived a good, quiet life, teaching and reading on Sundays to others

who were taking refuge from persecutions like himself. But the Bishops paid men to watch Tyndale, and if possible to take him prisoner; and one day a man who had been sent by Bishop Gardiner, of Winchester, to catch him if possible, managed to entice him out of the city, where he was pounced upon and put in prison. For eighteen months Tyndale was in prison near Brussels; and then the Emperor Charles V. condemned him to die; and in 1536 he was put to death —first strangled and then burnt, his last cry being, 'Lord, open the eyes of the King of England!'

See how Tyndale bought for us with his life the freedom to read for ourselves all that is in the Bible! 'With a great sum obtained he this freedom; but we were free born.'

GERTRUDE MARTINEAU.

## STRENGTHEN THE DEFENCES.

ABOUT the year 390 before Jesus Christ was born, the town of Rome was very much smaller than it is now, and within the walls of the city were several hills, with temples and other buildings upon them. One of these hills was called the Capitol, and on the top of it were built some of the most important of all the Roman Temples—temples to their gods Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. The hill was very steep; on one side especially it was almost like a wall of rock, rising high above the walls of the city.

About the time I have mentioned, 390 years before the birth of Christ, the Gauls, who came from France (it was then called Gaul), and from parts of the country north and west of the mountains, had crossed first the Alps and then the Apennines, and were overrunning Italy, burning towns and driving out the inhabitants wherever they could conquer them; and at last they advanced on Rome itself, to try and gain possession of the chief city, with its temples and its wealth. The Romans had fought bravely to defend their city, but they had been conquered in many battles; and at last they found with grief and rage that even their beautiful city must be given up to the enemies, for they could no longer keep them out.

But the Capitol, the high and rocky hill with its buildings, still remained to them, and they determined to defend this, and with all their might, for they considered it the home of the true gods of Rome, and the citadel of the true Roman people; and if they could still keep the Capitol in their possession they would feel not altogether vanquished and undone. So they retired to the Capitol, resolved never to abandon it unless they should all die in the struggle. With enemies all round, and unable to get out, they could get no provisions or arms but what they had been able to take with them, so their case would soon become very serious. There was only one way up to the Capitol, and by this single approach the Gauls tried to storm the citadel; but the Romans beat them back with loss, and then the Gauls contented themselves with blockading the hill, and sending out part of their army over the country to fight and plunder all around.

Meanwhile some of the Romans had fled to a place called Veii, and they now wanted to communicate with their friends in the Capitol. A young man named Pontius Cominius, said that he would contrive to go and carry a message to and from the Capitol. He set out with his message, from Veii, and when he came to the river Tiber there was no bridge; so he swam through the river, and crossed the level ground to the very foot of the steep wall of the rock, which seemed quite impossible to climb. But at night, climbing by little ledges of rock, and holding by bits of grass and bushes, he got to the top, went into the citadel, saw the Roman friends there, delivered the message, and

received an answer, and returned the same way that he had come, unhurt and undiscovered by the Gauls.

But when morning came, the Gauls discovered by bits of broken rock, or shrubs, or little clumps of grass pulled down that someone had climbed the rock, and that, therefore, it must be possible to do it. The place had been thought so impossible to climb that there was no wall at the top, and no guards had been put to guard that point; and though the messenger Pontius Cominius had been daring and clever enough to climb in by that way, the Romans thought that no one else knew it, and that no other person was in the least likely to try, least of all an army of men. But the Gauls determined to try; and when night came, they slowly, cautiously, and silently began to climb up, one behind another, by the tiny ledges and bushes, up the steep wall of rock. On they crept, climbing higher and higher; they were getting within a little space of the top; they would soon be able to step into the citadel, and, once in, they would surprise and massacre all who were there, and their victory would be complete.

Scarcely a sound did they make; no watchman heard them; all went well. When all at once a strange sound came to their ears from close above them, a loud discordant sound! *Something* had discovered them, in spite of all their care and silence! What was it?

In the Temple of Juno were kept some geese, which were considered so sacred to the goddess that though the Romans had suffered sorely for want of food, whilst shut up in the citadel, they had not killed these sacred birds; and the geese were now repaying

their masters by saving them from their enemies. It was now all over with the climbing Gauls on their steep rock; the cackling, screaming geese with their flapping wings and their alarm and astonishment at the approaching enemies awoke Marcus Manlius, whose house was near the temple where the geese were kept. And we are told that 'he sprang up, and seized his sword and shield and called his comrades and ran to the edge of the cliff. And behold a Gaul had just gained the top of the rock, when Marcus rushed upon him and dashed the rim of his shield into his face and tumbled him down the rock. The Gaul as he fell bore down those who were mounting behind him; and the rest were dismayed, and dropped their arms to cling more closely to the rock, and so the Romans, who had been roused by the call of Marcus,' easily conquered them, and the Capitol was saved. 'Then all so honoured the brave deed of Marcus Manlius that each man gave him from his own scanty store one day's allowance of food.'[1]

St. Paul says: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty;' which might serve as a text for this story. Think of a flock of geese defeating one body of armed men, and awakening another body of armed men to their own defence! The Romans were called to look to their defences; at the very point where they thought themselves secure, and which they had left unguarded, the enemy was creeping in.

[1] Arnold's 'History of Rome,' Vol. I., p. 547.

Children, here is a parable for you and for me. The enemies creep in at what we think our safest place. We think: 'I need not guard that place, it is perfectly secure.' So thought Peter, when he said to Jesus: 'Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended;' and Jesus said: 'This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.' Peter answered: 'Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.' And it was when the cock crowed, that he realized that he had done just what he said he never would do.

Will any cock crow for us *before* it is too late? Will any foolish geese cackle and flap a warning to us to beware, so that we may turn upon our enemy and cast him off from the entrance of our citadel? Do not our temptations creep upon us in the dark, like those climbing Gauls, when we have no idea that they are anywhere near? We must strengthen our defences, and not trust any place to chance, however impregnable we think it. Sentinels are wanted—brave and watchful soldiers who will not sleep at their post. And such sentinels we all have, if we will only employ them, and see that they are at their posts. If they are there, no climbing enemy will be able to enter. Watchful eyes will catch the first sight of them in the darkness, and waking ears will hear their creeping feet. Truth and honour, courage and steadfastness, patience, purity, and love—these will be our sentinels and hold our citadel secure, if we set them to watch and guard every weak point.

GERTRUDE MARTINEAU.

## THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

*In this world we are all busy building.*—R. L. Stevenson.

PERHAPS some of you do not know the story—six hundred years old and more—of the Italian peasant boy, Giotto, who, when he was a little lad, used to take care of his father's sheep in the sunny fields round a village near Florence. While the contented creatures cropped the grass and wandered about bleating their friendly greetings to each other all day long, Giotto also wanted something to do, and he used to draw pictures of his sheep or his dog or some other object, with a sharply-pointed stone upon the pieces of slate he happened to find.

One day a famous artist named Cimabue, who lived in Florence, took a journey into the country, and happened to pass by the shepherd boy as he was busy drawing. Cimabue was delighted with the clever way in which the child of ten years old was sketching, quite untaught, the head of a sheep, and asked him if he would like to go to live in Florence and learn to paint well.

This seemed a golden prospect to the boy. Leave must be asked of the poor peasant father next, and it

was granted, though Bondoni found it hard to lose the merry-hearted, clever little lad who had been the light of his home. Well, Giotto went with Cimabue, and for years he worked hard, plodding over little details as he studied, till at last, by perseverance as well as talent, he became a wonderful artist. He grew up a homely, plain-spoken man, full of humour and quaint jokes, always glad to turn back from the companionship of the nobles and wealthy people who sought him to that of the peasants from whom he was descended and the poor dwellers in the towns. He used to go from town to town to execute commissions given to him, painting beautiful altar-pieces in churches and frescoes on their walls which tell us to this day the stories of saintly people, and keep lovely memories in the thoughts of men.

Often his paintings were done for no reward, just for the sake of pleasing poor people who could pay him nothing. So he filled buildings all over Italy with beauty, and wherever he went he left art treasures behind him. At sixty years of age, he almost ceased to paint, and became a builder and sculptor, and fashioned his beautiful dreams in stone. Outwardly he was a commonplace-looking, burly man, making people laugh with his ready jokes and homely sayings; yet he was like one inspired in his art work. Could he have done all this exquisite work, do you think, if he had not had beautiful thoughts and visions within him—if he had not treasured every ideal that came to him, and been on the watch for all the beauty he could see around him?

'In this world we are busy building.' Not like Giotto, building and decorating churches and towers; but we are all building lives and characters, and if we would build these well we need, like Giotto, to have beautiful thoughts in our minds, and to keep before us great and noble aims as to what we want to be and do.

Here is another story—a true one—which will partly explain what I mean:—

A young girl, who had spent all her short life in the country among flowers and birds and lovely scenery, was obliged to leave her happy home to earn her living by going to work in a town factory. The noise and movement of the great pulleys and wheels, as they flew round and rushed up and down, seemed to deafen and make her dizzy at first. Worse still, she found that her new companions, the mill girls, were growing into dull drudges with empty minds, almost like the machines which needed so little thought on their part to tend. Was she to sink to their level or to help them to rise? Hear what she did.

She persuaded a few of the girls to try to find out for themselves if it was not a fact that books and reading brought interest and pleasures into life. She lent them the few precious volumes she owned. Then they all found means of getting more books; they became quite thirsty for them, and it grew into a habit with them to meet two or three evenings in each week, when work was over, to talk about what they had read and enjoyed. This was only the beginning. The new influence spread. The little circle of readers increased, until all the mill girls became readers, and

their long working hours were brightened, as they almost mechanically tended their machines, by the thoughts that now filled their minds. Did not these girls begin to build well when they set to work to store up thoughts that were worth treasuring, and to place before themselves higher and better aims in life?

A wise man once said: 'Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, faithful sayings, pleasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.'

Now what the little builders in this world, that is the children, have to do, is to be on the watch for all that is beautiful and good, and kind and true, and to treasure such thoughts and make them their own. They come to us in all kinds of ways—in poems and hymns and stories that we read, from pictures, and brave noble deeds we hear of. They drop into our hearts suddenly—thoughts sent by God to us—as when we think of a kind deed we want to do, or long to grow wiser and better than we have been. These thoughts and aims are what we must build our characters and lives with. We grow like the ideals we set before ourselves; the thoughts and longings we encourage make us what we are. But remember, to build well, we must not only think well, we must act well.

FRANCES E. COOKE.

## THE IMAGE AND THE WRITING.

*Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he hath.*—LUKE xii. 15.

I AM going to give you this morning an ancient story, told recently in verse by a modern singer who loved all things true and beautiful. I mean William Morris.

Long, long ago, there stood in the city of Rome a statue made of wood. The right hand of the statue was outstretched like that of an orator addressing his hearers. On the forefinger of the hand, the index finger, as we call it, were inscribed in Latin the words *Percute Hic*, which being translated mean 'Strike here.' For two hundred years or more, the statue had stood there in the open square. People of all sorts, rich and poor, learned and simple, had passed beneath it, and many a one had paused and looked up and read the writing, 'Strike here!'; but not one as yet had been able to explain its meaning. At length there came one day a man from Sicily. The man was a scholar; he had travelled in Egypt and Babylon, he had studied science. He knew

something. too, of sorcery and magic. He was learned, he was clever; but, as the story will shortly show, he was not wise. For between these two, cleverness and wisdom, there is the greatest difference. Day by day, this clever needy scholar stood beneath the statue, gazing up at it and wondering what it meant. 'Surely,' he said to himself, 'the artist who made that statue, and inscribed on it those words, must have had some purpose. There must surely be some mystery, some hidden meaning, underneath it all.' 'Perhaps,' he said, 'there is hidden some treasure there, some great store of silver or gold.' So the man talked to himself, and every day he came to look up at the statue, until the people began to think he was mad. At last one day—one cloudy day—at noon, as he was gazing, the sun suddenly shone forth, and, of course, in consequence, the finger of the hand cast a shadow on the pavement beneath.

In an instant the man saw, or thought he saw, the secret. So, waiting a moment until he was unobserved, he took his knife, and with it drew a circle round the spot upon the pavement covered by the shadow, and then went away.

At night, when the streets were empty and the place was quiet, he came again, bringing with him a pick and shovel and sack. First with the pick he lifted the stones of the pavement, then with his shovel he began to dig. Deeper and deeper he dug, making a hole in the road. After awhile his shovel came to something hard, and looking down he found a stone, and in the stone a ring. The ring was large enough to go

round the wrist of a man, and though it was soiled and rusty, the man could see engraved upon it figures and devices; and when he looked at them he knew that they were impious, evil, and unholy things, and that they only boded misery and shame. But still he would go on; so lifting the stone by the ring he saw a larger hole, and, beneath, a winding stairway of marble. Upon its walls were pictures, painted in many colours, of kings and queens and priests and warriors; and from them hung lamps that lighted the stairway. 'Ah!' said the man, 'there is treasure here, and I am going to find it.' He did not say, 'What right have I to go; are there none who have claims before me?' He did not even ask himself what good treasure would be to him, a scholar, and whether he would be happier or better for being rich. No; he said, 'There's treasure here, and I am going to find it.' 'I shall be,' he said:—

> 'The richest man in all the land;
> Beside the best then shall I stand,
> And some unheard-of palace have;
> And if my soul I may not save
> In heaven, yet here in all men's eyes
> Will I make some sweet paradise,
> With marble cloisters, and with trees,
> And bubbling wells and fantasies,
> And things all men deem strange and rare,
> There dwelling happier than the king,
> What lovely days may yet be mine?'

So down he went—down the winding, lighted stairway, until he reached a room below. Across the room was hung a curtain, above the heavy fringe of which,

in red and gold, were letters the meaning of which the man could not understand. Behind this curtain there seemed to be some larger room. For a moment, the man paused, awed by the stillness of the place; and as he did so, the wind, in a mighty hurricane, came sweeping down the winding stairs, extinguishing the lamps and all was dark. Trembling, the man still held the curtain in his hand. What should he do?

He had come for the treasure; he was sure it was there; the treasure he must have, whatever the cost. He would go forward. Then lifting that ponderous curtain, and drawing it in part aside, he saw before him a great hall! And it was light as day! And what seemed to the man strange was this, that the light came from no burning flame, but from a mighty stone —a wondrous carbuncle that hung high in the roof, and cast its light, as of a thousand lamps, over all the place.

Then at the end of this great hall this needy scholar saw a wondrous company. There was a king in his royal robes, his crown upon his head. Beside him was his queen; about her neck was a collar set with gems and precious stones, and around her waist a belt, thick with jewels. Besides these were lords in costly raiment; and behind these, servants waiting; and behind these, guards; and again behind these, minstrels. And on the table were goblets of gold, and dishes of silver and gold. Were they images or fiends, these strange figures? Drawing nearer, the man looked again. And lo! they were dead. The king was dead, the lords were dead, the servants were

dead, the minstrels were dead. All were dead. And the man gazed at all the wondrous show, and he said to himself, 'If I could but have the hundredth part of this I should be rich beyond compare, I should be satisfied.' He forgot that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he hath. One other strange thing the man beheld. Behind the king, some six paces away, there stood the image of a knight, with a bow in his hand, the arrow of which was directed to the carbuncle.

At length the man, not without much trembling, reached the table and stood in front of that strange company. Then he undid his sack, and slowly he proceeded to fill it with the treasure. He took the crown from off the grey head of the old king, and the goblet that was held in his dead hand. He unloosed the collar from the slender neck of the queen, and the belt from her waist. He helped himself to the brooches and the rings of the dead lords. He swept the table of its vessels of silver and gold. His sack was almost full, and so heavy was it that when he lifted it upon his shoulder, to carry it away, he staggered beneath the load. Now he was rich; and now he would be happy. So he turned to leave. But as he walked with his burden slowly down the hall, in front of him he saw embedded in the floor a stone, green, lustrous, matchless alike in its beauty and its worth. More precious it seemed to him than all beside. He must have that. It would take but a moment to get. It would add nothing to the weight of his sack.

So the man knelt down upon the floor and began

to work at this costly stone to loosen it, but work as he would it would not move. Hot and tired he pulled and pulled and pulled again, but the stone would not stir. At that moment he heard, or thought he heard, a noise, and turning his head he saw—O! horror—that the knight behind the king had lifted his bow-string to his ear and was about to let fly his arrow.

Terrified beyond measure, the man gave a shriek, and, leaping to his feet, seized his sack and prepared to fly. But before he had taken one step the arrow had been shot. An instant more and the mighty carbuncle fell shivered in a thousand pieces, and in a moment all was as dark as night. Into that strange, wondrous hall, so bright before, not one glimmer of light now made its way. Alarmed still more, the miserable man now tried to find the door, that through it he might regain the winding stairs. But not a single opening could he find.

Above him, as he knew, the day was breaking. Outside of that splendid, gilded dungeon was there the clear, fresh morning light and the sweet, fresh morning air; and the stirrings of life, and the twitterings of the birds, and all the things that make life glad. And there was he shut up with his sack and his gems and his silver and his gold. He would have given them all if he could have changed places with the ragged little urchin who at that very moment was taking his morning wash at the fountain above. He would have given a king's ransom if it had been possible for him to take the place of the beggar man whom yesterday he had seen holding open the door of

the great church for the people who passed in. But it could not be. And round and round that doleful hall, groping to find his way, did the man go in his despair, seeking, perchance, some way of escape, but none was to be found. In all that awful, gilded, marble wall there was not an opening large enough to take in so much as the blade of his knife.

During that night, though this fooolish man had known it not, a storm had swept over the city, such as no man could remember. The lightning had burned the ancient statue and the rain had filled up the hole beneath. And when men asked, in the morning, where was the man from Sicily, or what had become of him, there was none could tell.

This old world story may seem to you very sad and terrible, almost, perhaps, too sad and terrible; but it is what is continually happening. 'They that will be rich' at whatever cost, and whatever risk, 'fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.' For the sake of money men lose what is worth more than money; and for the sake of gaining more they lose what they already have. Boys in shops and youths in offices bet and gamble, and then to cover their losses rob their masters' till or tamper with the cash. Men in high positions, church officers, and city officers, who have held their heads high for half a life-time, that they may become a little richer than they are already, begin to speculate, and losing what they have, to recover themselves, practise fraud, and so bring themselves to prison and their families to shame. So also is it with nations.

Where, then, is the cure for this terrible disease of covetousness and greed? The cure is to be found in the remembrance of the teaching of Jesus—that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he hath.' What we need all of us—boys and men and nations—to remember is this, that there are things more precious than silver and gold, and houses and lands—a good conscience, a good name, the love and esteem of those about us, and, as the years go by, the remembrance of work well done and of a life well spent. Jesus was very poor. At times, he said, he had not where to lay his head, and certainly he left no silver and no gold behind; but he had what was far better than riches—a good conscience, void of offence towards God and man, the love of his Father in Heaven, and when the end arrived, the sense of having finished the work that his Father had given him to do. For Jesus not only taught, but *knew* that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he hath.'

One other word, let us remember—all of us—that behind the throne of the Eternal Power there always stands the knight with the uplifted bow and the arrow on the string. And if boys or men or nations will go on in sin, that armed knight is compelled at last to let fly his arrow. And at times it happens, as in our story, that the moment when that arrow flies is the very moment which to the man or the boy or the nation seems the moment of triumph and success.

JOHN BYLES.

## THE RUNAWAY ENGINE.

I READ an American story the other day about a runaway engine. I don t know whether engines ever do run away in England.

Try to picture to yourself a lonely little station in the woods. There was no village or other houses near. The nearest station was fifteen miles away. The single line seemed to lose itself, whether you looked up or down, between the countless pine trunks on both sides, and the branches met high above it. There were only four trains a day, and very few passengers. You can think it was rather dull for the young fellow who was station master, and signal man, and telegraph clerk all in one. He was standing on the platform one day, thinking to himself, when he heard the familiar click of his telegraphic machine. He knew that meant a message from the next station. This was the message that came to him : ' Runaway engine on line. Turn the switch for No. 40 to go on the siding.' No. 40 was the next train, due in a few minutes, from the other direction. He turned the switch, and then he tried to think what he could do to stop the engine.

Now while he is thinking, let us think about this runaway engine too.

You can see what a dangerous thing a runaway engine must be. It comes thundering, rushing along the line, faster and faster, with no one to guide or check it, a blind, terrible force, dashing on till it meets, perhaps, a train, or, perhaps, some obstacle that throws it off the line. It is bound to do a frightful harm either to itself or to something else if it is not caught. What makes a runaway engine so dangerous?

An engine is not a bad thing in itself, is it? No; it is one of the most wonderful, and useful, and even majestic creations of human ingenuity and skill. I never see one of those splendid engines that draw an express train without admiring it, without feeling a kind of awe of it. It is so strong and so serviceable. It does exactly what it is bid. Yes; the engine is wonderful, is admirable, *when it is under control*—so long as there is reason and intelligence to guide and govern it.

The runaway engine was dangerous because it was not under control. It had started off blindly without any intelligence to direct it, and all it could do was to dash on faster and faster, till its force was spent. It was a danger to itself and to everything that came in its way. All its tremendous power was hurrying it on to some catastrophe. Instead of being a helpful power it had turned into a destructive power, just for want of control, of direction.

After all, I am not sure but that there are runaway engines in England as well as in America. Did you

ever see anyone very angry? Did you ever get very angry yourself? so angry you didn't know what you were doing? so angry that, while it lasted, you couldn't listen to any reason, or any explanation? so angry that you could strike anyone who interfered, even your best friend?

I have heard of a father, who, in a passion, struck his little son such a blow that the boy became an idiot! I sometimes read in the paper of a man, in a fit of anger, killing his wife!

The anger goes down after a while just as the steam in the boiler of the engine after a time is spent Good sense, reason, kind thought come back—the driver gets on the engine again. The man thinks—how could I have done such a brutal, such a frightful thing? The boy smiles again. He knows he was silly. He can't think why he was in such a rage. Happily, he hasn't done any great harm to anyone. But you see what a runaway engine Temper may be. While the fit lasts, self-control is gone, reason is gone; the man and those around are at the mercy of this blind force of passion.

Sometimes a whole nation gets possessed by one of these fits of passion. Its suspicion, its jealousy, its pride, its self-will, its resentment are blown upon till by-and-by the flame catches. The steam rushes into the pipes. All its machinery is started on the line of war. The mass of the people don't know what it is about, or they have a wrong notion of what it is about. But they get just as excited, just as hot, just as eager. If nations could only keep their good

sense, if they could only see truly the real causes of the quarrel, if intelligence had its hand on the great machine—yes, if only one of them were reasonable—I think there would be very little war. War comes when nations get into a rage, when they lose self-control. Then a nation becomes dangerous. It is a runaway engine.

Very likely you are wishing to know the end of the story we began with. Did the man stop the engine? Well, this is the end of the story. As he thought, in a kind of despair, what can I do, what can I alone do to stop this engine? he saw some coils of rope lying on the platform. In an instant it flashed into his mind—could I fasten this across the line and stop the engine? If there were only time! He worked like three men. He fastened the rope from one great pine trunk to another, across the line. He did it again and again, while the roar of the coming engine began to sound through the woods, till the engine itself was upon him. Would his rope barriers hold? The great engine broke through the first, the second, the third. Then its force seemed to slacken. The next rope strained before it broke, and before the last was reached, the man had climbed on the cab, his hand was on the lever that controlled it.

Now, I don't know enough about engines to know if this is a true story. But this I do know, that every little barrier in the way of these other runaway engines counts for something in checking them. Only keep on trying. Put one good thought after another, one good habit after another across the line. Don't be

discouraged in trying to hold them in, even if you don't succeed the first time. Let us never be tired of trying to control ourselves, and so helping others to self-control.

*He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.*

C. A. FARRINGTON.

## THE RIGHT PATH.

*Lead me in a plain path.*—PSALM xxvii. 11.

NOWADAYS we are used to roads—wide, smooth, well-kept roads—with walls or hedges on both sides, and guide-posts, with the names of the towns or villages to which they lead, where the roads cross or branch, so that no one can mistake the way. We can hardly realise a time when these hard, clean roads did not lead all through the country.

But once, you know, there were no roads, there were only paths—paths worn by the feet of men or animals, going to and fro, through forests, over moors, round bogs, between the meadows, up and down the hillsides. Sometimes the path was well-trodden and could not be missed, but sometimes it went over desolate places where there were few travellers. The snows of winter, or the heavy rains of spring, or the sands blown about by the winds, covered it or washed it away. Sometimes paths ran together, or branched in different ways, and the traveller could not tell which to take. Sometimes he was puzzled by the worn places which looked like paths, but after a little came to nothing.

There are parts of the world now where there are no roads, only paths, where the traveller is only too glad to find a path, even a rough and narrow one, just a mark, a track, to show him that some one has passed that way before.

Here, our paths are mostly for pleasure. We keep the old-time paths through the fields, and won't let them be closed, because they are such a delightful change from the hard and dusty roadside. I was walking along such a path the other day. One stepped off the road through a turnstile, and in a moment one was in a meadow full of blue salvia, yellow vetches, white daisies, red sorrel, and clover. The tall grass brushed against you as you walked. Great clumps of dog-roses were in blossom beside you. The river ran softly below the willowy bank, the larks were singing, the world seemed so wide and spacious, and you were free of the whole of it.

Still, I was glad of the path. I didn't know exactly where I was, but a path always goes somewhere. Other people have gone over it. There is always some reason for it, always something at the other end, and if you follow it you arrive there.

And there is another thing about a path. You know you have a right to be there. If you leave the path and go wandering about, as sometimes one has a fancy, you have an uneasy feeling that you are trespassing, that you are where you have no business to be. But on the path you feel secure. You know you are within your right.

But if you were not walking just for pleasure, but

were bound for some particular place, and especially if it were an unknown way, you would be gladder still of the path. And what you would care for most of all would be, not that it should be pretty, or that it should be easy, but that it should be *plain*, a path there could be no mistake about.

Perhaps you might be belated, and then to make a mistake and go wandering off on something that looked like a path, but was not, or on a path that led the wrong way, would mean exposure, anxiety at least, perhaps danger and death. Two paths might seem so alike that you could not tell which to take. They might come together farther on, or they might lead ever so far apart; and there is no one to ask, no guide post. Which should you take? Which is the real path, and which is the little side or cross path which you have nothing to do with? Oh, if the path, the right path, were only plain, so that one could tell certainly which it was, what a relief it would be!

It is not exactly this kind of path that this verse, 'Lead me in a plain path,' means. But this experience of the difficulty of finding the right path, and the trouble he had got into when he had made a mistake and chosen the wrong path, was in the mind of the man who wrote it. He knew what it was to miss the path he wanted to take, and this would make his prayer very vivid and real to him. He would think of the times he had been confused and had chosen wrongly, and had got into trouble as he went hither and thither, and he would say, 'It is just so in my life. I come to places where I don't know which is the right course to

take. I don't know how to decide. I am not sure which is the best way. I am not clear which is the right. I wish I were certain. I wish I couldn't mistake. "Lead me in a plain path."

We often speak of life as a path. It seems more natural to call it a path than a road, perhaps because we each go so much alone in it, and each has to make his own experience in it. And, as in a path, we each go in the track others have made for us. These tracks sometimes mix and cross each other, and we are apt to lose the true one. Very often we take the easy path, or what looks so, and find it leads us quite elsewhere than we intended.

Still, if we are always really looking for the path, if we are always noticing its signs, it is wonderful how quick we may become at recognizing it. We may train our eye so that the path may be quite clear to us, we seem to know it by instinct, when to another who has not thus trained his eye, it is not seen at all.

There are two or three signs God has given to make our path plain which never lead us wrong. All we need do is *to look for them*.

First, our path is always to be the path of truthfulness. Which is the path that tempts us to hide something? to give just a little twist to the truth? to deny something—perhaps to invent something false? That is the path we must not take. That is the path that gets more confused, more difficult, more dangerous, the farther we go on it. No matter how easy it looks, or how we persuade ourselves it doesn't matter, or that we can make it all right, or that we need only go on it a little way, *it always leads us wrong*.

Second, our path is always to be the path of honesty. Honesty is to acts what truthfulness is to our words. It prevents our doing what is false. It prevents our claiming or taking any unfair advantage of anybody. It is not pretending, not cheating. Let us ask ourselves, when we are not quite sure where we are going, should I be ashamed to have other people—the best people—know of my doing this? That will settle a great many doubts. That will throw light on our path. Because we all know that if we should be ashamed if others found us on it, that can't be the right path for us.

Thirdly, our path is always to be the path of kindness. If what you are hesitating over doing is going to make you unkind to anybody, neglectful, careless, ill-natured, selfish, if it merely leaves others out, if not injuring them it simply forgets them, then we may be sure *that is the wrong path too.*

And I think these three signs, if we are looking for them, will in general be plain to us, and will make our path plain. Let us ask of anything we think of doing: Is this truthful? Is this honest? Is it kind? And we shall not go far wrong. For this is the way in which God 'leads us,' and makes our path plain before us.

C. A. Farrington.

## ICH DIEN.

*Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.*—MATTHEW XX. 26, 27.

YOU have all of you seen, I suppose, a picture or a model of what are called the Prince of Wales's feathers; but, perhaps, you are not so familiar with the motto underneath. Possibly you have never noticed it at all. Below the feathers are two words—not English, not even Latin, but German; the two words are 'Ich Dien,' which, being translated, mean, 'I Serve.' Now, how does it come to pass that the Prince of Wales has these three feathers for his sign, and these two words, in German, for his motto?

The reason is this: 550 years ago, or rather more, a great battle was fought between the English and the French. It was fought, as, happily for us, has been the case with so many of our battles, not on English but on foreign soil. It was fought in France, and is known in history as the battle of Crecy. On the English side there were three leaders. First there was

the king, Edward III.; he, of course, commanded the whole; but he was not himself actually in the battle; for, before the battle began, he retired to the top of a hill above the field on which it was about to be fought, and there from a windmill he watched the progress of the fight. The second leader was the Earl of Northampton, an ancestor of the present marquis. To him the King committed the command of the left division of the army. The third leader was the Boy-Prince of Wales, for at the time of the battle he was only sixteen. And it was because his father, the King, was anxious that his boy should have the honour that day of conquering the French, or as the King put it, of 'winning his spurs,' that he himself retired to the windmill, and left the young prince to fight *his* part of the battle alone. And the boy did win his spurs, and a wonderful victory was gained.

The Duke of Wellington used to say there was nothing so dreadful as a victory, excepting a defeat. And I think the young prince and his father must have had some feeling like that as they walked over the battlefield that evening, after the battle was ended; for there, it was said, lay dead 1,200 knights, English and French, besides 30,000 footmen. A terrible sight it must have been for that young lad. But of all the sad sights that day, there was one that seemed even sadder than the rest. For there, fallen from his horse, was lying an old man, dead. His hair was white, and encircling it was a king's crown. And the old man, plainly, had been blind. It was the blind old King of Bohemia, who had been fighting on the side of the

French. And when during the battle the old man saw that the day was going against his friends—for there is a sense, you know, in which even blind men can see—he said to two of his followers: 'Lead me right into the middle of the fight, that I may strike one good blow with my sword to-day.' So two of his friends led the old man into the thick of the fight. And when the boy and his father, after the battle, came up to the place, all three lay dead. But this was not all; in the old king's hand was his standard, and on the standard were pictured our three feathers, and underneath the feathers were inscribed the two words of which I have been speaking: 'Ich Dien' ('I Serve'). And when King Edward saw it, he said to his son: 'Take it, my son, there is no nobler motto for a young man to have.'

So the Prince took the standard with its motto, and from that day to this the three feathers have been the sign of our Princes of Wales, and the two German words their motto. And 'none nobler' could they have!

'I Serve'—this was the motto of Jesus, the motto by which he lived himself. 'I am among you,' he said, 'as one that serves'—the motto which he commended to his followers, and in obedience to which hundreds, and even thousands, of those followers themselves have lived.

Fifteen years ago, there was living in England a good and noble man, known as Lord Shaftesbury. His motto—the motto which he inherited, and the motto by which he lived—was almost the same as that

of the Prince of Wales: the motto was, 'Love and Serve.' And when the costermongers of London, whom Lord Shaftesbury had often served and helped, showed their appreciation and their gratitude by presenting him with a coster's cart and a beautiful white donkey to draw it, they had painted on the cart the motto—in this case as true as it was noble—'Love and Serve.'

So what I would say to you, boys and girls, to-day, is what King Edward said to his son on the field of Crecy—'Take it, my children, take this motto; for there is none nobler for a boy or girl to have.' Resolve, now, that you will serve your day and generation according to the will of God, and that you will do something, at least, to make the world a happier and a better place.

But there are two things I must ask you to remember, the first that no service is too small to be of value. Even the cup of cold water, rightly given, is sure of its reward. William Wordsworth, the great poet, was once asked by a young girl to write in her album, and what he wrote was :—

> Small service is true service whilst it lasts,
> Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one :
> The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
> Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

No service is too small or insignificant to be of value; and possibly, if we possessed the power by which to reckon all things up, we should discover that the sum total of the world's happiness depends far

more on countless little services, than it does on a few that are very great. Little deeds of kindness, little words of hope and cheer, repeated every day and every hour, in home and school and street, and places of business and of pleasure—these are the things that gladden life. And these are the things we all of us can show.

The second thing I have to ask you to remember is this: 'True service,' as Wordsworth calls it, is commonly the nearest service. Not the noisiest or the biggest or the service most likely to be reported in the papers, but the nearest. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, "whatever is nearest to thee," do it.'

I read, not long since, the story of a boy who did this literally. The boy was in India forty years ago, at the time of the great Mutiny. He was a clerk in the telegraph office at Delhi, where the Mutiny broke out. The native troops at Delhi had seized the arsenal, and were killing all the Europeans they could find. The office was deserted; the clerks—save this boy—had fled; he was alone. In a moment more, as he knew, the natives would arrive. And there, within the reach of his hand, was his instrument. Stretching to it, he signalled 'Lahore'—another station—and receiving the answer that Lahore was listening, he clicked out this message: 'Native troops in open rebellion; murdering all Europeans; all arms in their possession.' It was the boy's last act; an instant more, and dusky faces darkened the door, and in another, the cruel foe had cut him down. The boy was 'faithful unto death;' what his hand found to do, he did—did with

his might—did at ONCE. And when, in after days, the Colonel who had been stationed at Lahore repeated the story, he always added: 'That boy saved India.'

Now there are duties near us all; little deeds of helpfulness and kindness which all of us may show; not one of you who may not, every day, do something to make other people happy. Your mother, who is tired, perhaps, with her long day's work; your younger brother, who is troubled with his lessons; some old woman down the street, who would be glad to have an errand run or some few sticks brought home to help to light her fire—all these are near, and to help them, even in what seem small ways, is true, real service. By-and-by, greater service—or what seems greater—will be offered to you.

Have, then, the three feathers, or not, as you like—but at least take the motto—the motto that fell from the dead hand of the blind old King of Bohemia, 'Ich Dien' ('I Serve').

And remember what Jesus said: 'He that would be greatest among you, let him be your minister; and he that would be chief among you, let him be your servant.'

JOHN BYLES.

## A TALE OF TUSCULUM.

*If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*—Rom. xii. 18.

YOU have all of you heard of the city of Rome—one of the most famous, though not one of the oldest cities in the world. Surrounding this city are walls, as indeed there have been from the time when it was founded, though not of course always the same, for as the city grew so also did the walls. Beyond the walls, there begins at once a vast stretch of open country. As you look at it, at first, it seems to be level, but it is really rolling or undulating, like the great prairies of America. This open country is called the Campagna. In the olden days, up to the time of Christ, and after, this great reach of land was cultivated and populated. It was filled with pleasant homes and busy happy people. There were vineyards and orchards and olive gardens, and flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The air, too, was sweet and fresh and invigorating, so that it was a healthy place in which to live. It was, in fact, a sort of Earthly Paradise. Now, alas! all this is changed. The land for many a long year has gone out of cul-

tivation; there are few inhabitants; decaying vegetation covers the soil; and at night, when the sun goes down, the air is heavy with fever and plague.

Yet still there is a charm about the place, and the traveller finds a beauty in it all its own. Its great vast open stretches, its lonely roads once so crowded and busy, its solemn lines of broken arches, over which, long centuries ago, the clear fresh water from the hills flowed into the great city, and over some of which, not broken, it is flowing still, all give to it a beauty and attraction. Beyond the plains are the mountains The Alban Mountains, some of them are called; and high up on the top of these mountains are to be seen to-day the remains of a city older than Rome. It is about this city that I have now to tell you. Its name was Tusculum. It is the city of which Macaulay speaks in his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' in the poem on the Battle of Regillus. Came the foe, he says—

> From the white streets of Tusculum,
> The proudest town of all.

It must have been a pleasant place in the olden days, resting there on its sunlit mountain, with the health-giving breezes from the sea beyond. At the highest point of the city stood the Castle, protecting the town below. And from this castle was the grandest of views of sea and mountain and lake, and far beneath, as I have said, of this rich Campagna, a billowy sea of gardens and orchards and vineyards. Lower down than the Castle was the Forum—the market-place where the people walked and talked, and bought and sold. And not far from that was the Theatre. You

may see the well-preserved remains of it to-day. This theatre was open to the sky, and as you sit on its stone benches you can see far down across the plain the city of Rome. And many and many a time these people of Tusculum, sitting at some play, must have lifted up their eyes for a moment that they might gaze on the white marble of the temples and palaces and towers of Rome, as they glistened in the evening sunshine, far off in the plain beneath.

So these two cities, and the people who lived in them, were neighbours, and for the most part they were friends. But suddenly the Romans, who were a proud and somewhat overbearing people, took offence. They had been at war with another neighbouring people, called the Volscians; and after the war, the Romans said, they had found among their prisoners soldiers of Tusculum. It looked, therefore, as if the people of Tusculum had not been faithful to their friends in Rome. Whether this was so or not we cannot tell; but this at least was the professed ground of the quarrel. Thereupon the Romans determined to fight and to lay siege to this town of Tusculum upon the hill. Camillus, one of the greatest of their generals, was intrusted with the task. And a brave, though a terrible sight it must have been to have seen Camillus and his soldiers march forth from the city gate—each man with his shield and his spear and his axe, and on his head that gleaming helmet at the sight of which the men of a thousand races had turned pale.

Across the great broad Campagna the troops took their way, until at length the foot of the mountains was

reached. Then, more slowly, they began to climb. Higher and higher they rose, through pleasant lanes bright with flowers, past rich orchards hung with fruit, by many a peaceful villa and many a happy cottage. Nearer and still nearer to Tusculum they came. But to their surprise no one seemed to notice them. The men went on with their work, and the women stayed quiet in their homes.

But still this terrible host went on, higher and yet higher. At last the white walls of Tusculum appeared, and in a moment more, at the turn of the road, the city gate was seen. But now, still greater was their surprise, for the gate was open. It was not only open, it was undefended; not a man was on guard, not a soldier was to be seen. Through the gate the soldiers entered, and down the long street they began to march. And greater yet was their surprise. The shops were open, and those belonging to them all were at work,—the coppersmith was hammering his vessel, exactly as in any city of Italy you may see him to-day; the baker was baking his bread, and the mercer selling his wares. And the houses were open —and there were the women, each one at her household task. The girls, too, were at the fountains drawing water, and the children in the schools—the soldiers, as they passed, could hear them reciting their lessons.

Was there ever such a sight, and what could it mean? Well, what it meant was this—that these good people of Tusculum were resolved not to fight with their friends and their neighbours from Rome. If

there was to be any fighting the Romans must do it by themselves. And what was the result? Well, clearly, Camillus could not fight with a people who treated him like that. To try to do so was absurd. It would not be fighting at all. It would be only slaughter. It would be massacre. So Camillus sent for the ruler of the city, called the Dictator, that he might talk to him. And having talked to him, he invited him to Rome. And there this Dictator of Tusculum met the Senate of Rome, and again they talked matters over. And, as the result, the people of Rome confirmed the ancient charters of the people of Tusculum, securing them their liberties. And later on they conferred upon them the highest honour in their power—they gave them the Roman franchise, thus making them citizens of Rome. All this occurred in the year 379 B.C.

Three hundred years before that, or rather more, in the mountain city of Jerusalem, a great prophet and statesman, called Isaiah, had tried to teach his people in a time of danger, not dissimilar, the very lesson which these people of Tusculum had so well learned and practised. 'In returning and rest,' he said, 'shall ye be saved; *in quietness and confidence shall be your strength*.'

There are many lessons which this story teaches, some of which you may be able, perhaps, to think of for yourselves, but there is one, especially, which I want you now to learn and always to remember. The lesson is this: it always takes two to make a quarrel. So it is that when we are doing right, acting in all things honestly and squarely, as conscience bids us,

we shall commonly find that the safest and wisest way of overcoming anger and wrath and the wrong with which others threaten us, is to meet them with patience and gentleness and dignity, remembering that in 'quietness and confidence' we shall certainly find 'strength.'

So, once more, I give you the words of our text: 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.'

JOHN BYLES.

## LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

*'It's the ones as does it.'*

ONE day, not *very* long ago, when a great wrong needed righting in England, and many brave men and women were spending their strength in helping to right it, one of these helpers came into a Liverpool railway-station, carrying in her hand a bundle of papers—printed messengers that were to be sent far and wide to rouse people to think and act as they ought to do in the matter. Straight before her, as she entered the station, stood an old porter, 'waiting for a job,' and she held out some of the papers to him, telling him what they were about, and asked him to give them to people that he knew. His face was weather-beaten and had deep lines of care in it, and his body was bent with carrying heavy weights. Perhaps he thought that in his hard day's work there was no room for such a mission; for he looked at his barrow and his grimy hands and silently shook his head. This was not the end, however; for in a moment he had changed his mind, and, taking the papers, said in a low voice, 'Well, it's the ones as does it!'

Now this old man's second thought was a wise one, and in his odd way he told a great truth; for there is nothing more wonderful in this world than the power

which lies in every little deed and word of the humblest and most insignificant among us. Every hour of our lives we are each of us doing good or harm to other people by the influence of our example and even by our thoughts. Do you ever think how quickly cowardice and cruelty and falsehood spread? How in a shipwreck, or a fire, one or two selfish persons can so affect the crowd about them that a panic is the result, and numbers of lives are lost? Cruelty is infectious; as, for example, when a boy teases a helpless animal and his thoughtless companions standing by join in the wicked sport. But happily in this world good is more mighty than evil, and a brave example set and a good work spoken in season carry a wonderful power with them, and their influence spreads on every side.

Did you every read of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*? She was a steamer carrying troops and passengers to India. When she struck upon the rock and the boats were lowered and the passengers safely placed in them, there was no room for the soldiers, who must stay and meet death on the sinking ship. There they stood on deck, every man in his place, obedient to the officer's commands, and waited the end, bravely firing a volley into the sky as the vessel heeled over and they sank in the waves. This band of brave men was made up of individuals, and it was the spirit of self-sacrifice and courage spreading from one to another that helped them all to die like heroes.

Here is another true story which teaches us a similar lesson. In a china factory, where large numbers

of hands were employed, there was one quiet old workman who rarely spoke to anyone, on whom the shadow of a great anxiety seemed to rest. It was noticed that when he went home at night he never failed to take with him a bright piece of broken glass or china, or a roadside flower; and at last one of his fellow-workmen learned, and he spread the news among the rest, that a little crippled boy lay in the old workman's home who was his treasure, for whom he carried back at night the poor gifts that were to brighten the sick room.

A kindly feeling sprang up in this man's heart, and one day he made and painted a little clay jar in his dinner hour, baked it in a corner of one of the great ovens, and put it in the old man's cap. Nothing was said; but the jar was carried home, and in a day or two some one else followed the example. It came to be a habit, at last, for some one always to have some little present ready which the old man carried away to his crippled boy. Time passed; his face became sadder, and the workmen said among themselves that the child was growing worse. Those who worked near the old man ceased to talk loud and swear, as it had been the custom of some of them to do; and every day some good-natured, pitiful man did a piece of his work for him that he might go home earlier at night.

At length, one day the old man did not come to the factory, the child was dead; and when the little coffin was carried out of the cottage a hundred or more of those factory men, who had given up half a

day's work and pay, stood waiting out of sight in their Sunday clothes to join the little procession to the churchyard, and thus show their silent sympathy. Here again we see 'It's the ones as does it,' for we can trace back the kindly feeling of the crowd to the kindly deed of the workman who placed the first little gift in the old man's cap.

In the city of Glasgow, at one time, numbers of children used to go bare-footed about the streets. One day, a poor woman, bent with age and rheumatism, was seen stooping here and there upon the pathway with great pain and effort to pick up pieces of broken glass that strewed it for a long distance, and as she cleared the path she filled her apron with glass.

'Why should you do this useless work that is so hard for you?' asked a passer-by. 'Oh,' she answered, 'I'm only picking up the bits of glass, that they may not get into the bairnies' feet.'

I wonder how many people have been led by this true story to watch for the *little* kind deeds they can do; the trifles that really make up the happiness of life. Bear in mind, children, the old porter's wise words, 'It's the ones as does it,' for you can never tell what great results may be brought about in the world by little good deeds and kind words that are all that you may have the power to do and say. And there is one thing more to remember, and that is that we have nothing to do with the results of our actions. Only let us do our best, let us each be brave, and truthful, and honest, and tender-hearted, sowing our good seed, and God will make the harvest grow.

FRANCES E. COOKE.

## GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and seer.

THIS address to the children is about growing. All boys and girls know a great deal about that matter. When a birthday comes, how many of the young ones are measured on the nursery or the school-room wall to see how much taller they are than they were last year! While we are young we often have the words said to us, 'How fast you grow!' and we get used to finding every year that we are broader, and taller, and stronger, and can run faster, and lift heavier weights than we could twelve months ago. But it is not this kind of growing that you are going to hear about to-day.

In the reign of King James I., Ben Jonson was Poet Laureate of England, as Tennyson used to be till he died; and it was Ben Jonson who wrote the four lines that stand at the head of this column. He wanted to tell people, living in those far-off days, something about the most important kind of growing for

men, women, and children. You see, he says, that it is not growing tall and strong, like a tree in its branches and trunk, that really matters most to men, nor is it really important whether we live a great many years, for he goes on in the same little poem to say—

'In short measures life may perfect be.'

More than one hundred years after Ben Jonson's time, there was a poor boy living in the old town of Dantzic, on the shore of the Baltic Sea. He was an errand boy who carried out wigs to his master's customers (for they used to wear wigs and dress very strangely in Dantzic in those days), and this poor errand boy put the same kind of thought into different words. He said, 'Next year I shall be thirteen, and every year I am a head bigger, and everyone who sees me says, "How tall you grow!" But if I said I was glad to hear it, it would not be true, for I think there is many a fellow who is an ass, and what is the use of my being tall if I can't study?'

Well, this boy resolved he would grow in mind as well as body, and he used all his chances in life to read, and think, and become wise; and the end was, as he was loving-hearted, he become not only a scholar and a poet, but one of the great helpers of the world. If you had lived in Dantzic, then you might have seen him buying books at an old bookstall with the pennies he had saved, and reading them in the odd times which he could spend as he liked. Some kind friends sent him to the high school, and *how* he did work, and at last he found himself at the head of the school.

Then new chances opened out before him, and he used them all. His name was John Falk. When he became a man he set on foot in Germany homes for friendless children whom the war had made orphans, and saved thousands of them from sin and want. This boy found out, you see, what kind of growth was really worth having.

Now comes a fable for you to read, about a 'talking oak,' which tells us the same kind of thing about growing. I used to read this fable when I was a child. I do not know where I found it, but I can remember it to tell it to you.

One day, a boy stood under a huge oak tree that spread out its branches on every side, and he said, 'What a grand tree! You are so brave and big.' The oak found a voice and answered, 'Once I was a little acorn, but I knew there was something in me which might shoot up into a great tree. So I shot forth my roots, little at first, in the soft, moist earth, and lifted my tender head, and something seemed to say to me, "Why was this strength given to you except to put it forth and try to grow?" So I grew up,' said the oak, 'and became as tall and strong as you see me.'

But as the boy looked round him in the forest, he saw the other trees that were bent and misshapen, and he asked the oak, 'How is it that you stand up straight, and are not crooked and one-sided like some of these trees round you?' Then the oak replied, 'When I was about to send out a new shoot, I sometimes felt it would be nice to send it out on the warm south side; but something within me said "No!" and while the

voice was speaking, I could not fear the cold north side ; so I grew up in the fair proportions as my Maker meant me to grow.'

Then the boy thought, 'If I were a tree, I would grow straight and tall and put out my branches as I was meant to grow.' He never remembered that every time he was selfish, or angry, or lazy, or mean, he was growing wrongly, as if, like a tree, he was putting forth his shoots on the wrong side.

And while he was thinking thus, the wise old oak rustled its leaves and spoke once more : 'Boy, you have a soul within you which will make you something more beautiful than all the oaks in the forest, if you will obey it. You have an inward voice. Listen to it, and your soul will grow in good shape, and you will learn to live rightly, and stand firm and strong in all the storms of life.'

The boy's heart grew strong within him as he listened to the oak. He thought he would never again be afraid to speak the truth, and would always listen to the inward voice and grow up brave and beautiful within.

So ends the fable of the 'talking oak.' It reminds us that our bodies are not our real selves. It is the spirit in each of us which loves and thinks and wills which is our real self, and we have to think how this self within us is growing. We all know what a great soul sometimes lives in a deformed, weak body. We can only see the poor little house of a body the spirit lives in; but his words and deeds tell us how beautiful the real self within it is. These real selves of ours

are always growing, they never stand still. Every day we grow a little worse or a little better. Which way we grow depends so much on our wills and our habits. How quickly we make our habits! Every time we say 'only this once!' and do a little wrong thing or say a little unkind word, we make it easier to do wrong next time. We are then putting out shoots on the wrong side, and growing crooked and misshapen. God has given us each a will within us. If we would grow rightly, we must take care that these wills of ours grow strong and eager to do only what is right, and to love only what is beautiful and good. I once knew a boy who asked himself each night, 'Have I done anything like Jesus Christ would have done, if he were in my place?' You see this boy's will was set upon growing in the right way,

Remember the words of the oak in the fable: 'You have a soul within you. You have an inward voice. Listen to it, and your soul will grow in good shape and you will learn to live rightly and stand firm and strong in all the storms of life.'

FRANCES E. COOKE.

## THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT.

*For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses.*—MATT. vi. 14-15.

THERE is not a boy or girl who will read this page who is unable to repeat the wonderful prayer which Jesus gave to his disciples. All of you are familiar with the petition in the prayer, 'Forgive us our sins—or trespasses—as we also forgive those who are indebted to us.' And some of you have wondered, perhaps, why Jesus laid so much stress on this, as though he would teach that God's forgiveness of us is dependent on our forgiveness of our brother.

I am going, in a moment, to tell you a story which may perhaps help you to understand the reason. But first let me try to describe to you a picture. The picture is by a great English artist, only recently dead, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the collection of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' pictures, exhibited a little time ago in London, there was one, somewhat smaller than the others, which was called 'The Merciful Knight.' This picture represented a knight in armour.

The knight had taken off his helmet and laid aside his sword; and at the moment represented in the picture he was kneeling before a crucifix—a cross, that is, on which is the figure of Christ. But—and here is the marvel of the picture—the figure, instead of being fixed, upright, to the cross, is bending forward and embracing the knight. What does the picture mean?

The picture is intended to illustrate my story. Some hundreds of years ago, there lived in the beautiful city of Florence a young man whose name was Giovanni Gualberto. He belonged to a noble house, and he and his people were rich. This Giovanni—or John Gualberto, as we should call him—had a brother younger than himself, whose name was Hugo. For this brother Giovanni had a singular affection. He loved him as Jonathan loved David. Now, pleasant as it was to live in Florence in those distant days, the pleasantness was often sadly spoiled by deadly quarrels, and as the result of one of these quarrels Giovanni's brother was murdered by some gentleman of Florence. Giovanni naturally was filled with passion and rage; and his passion and vindictive fury were the more aroused, when he saw the grief and misery of his aged parents. He would follow his brother's murderer till he found him, and then, without mercy, he would slay him on the spot. So day after day Giovanni went forth, always hoping to meet his enemy.

There is on a hill overlooking the city of Florence a famous and most beautiful church, the name of which is San Miniato. Leading up to this church is

a zigzag path, which you may see to this day. Up this path Giovanni, early one morning—and the morning was no other than the morning of Good Friday—was making his way to the church. Behind him were some of his friends. Half way up, at the turn of the path, whom should he meet but the murderer of his brother, the very man he had been seeking; and the man was unarmed and alone. In an instant Giovanni drew his sword, intending to slay him. But before he had time to carry out his intention, the man fell upon his knees and began to plead for mercy. Then he stretched out his arms so as to make his body like a cross, and reminding Giovanni what day it was, he entreated him to remember him who died upon that day, and who as he was dying, with almost his last breath exclaimed, as he thought upon his foes, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' 'For the love of Christ,' he said, 'spare me, spare me, Giovanni.' Giovanni trembled with excitement. It was hard, very hard to let go his foe, the man who had done him so great a wrong; but the appeal he had made, and the thought of Jesus dying that very day upon the cross, and as he died forgiving the men who had brought him to it, were more than Giovanni was able to resist. His sword dropped at his side, and stretching forth his hand he lifted the poor frightened man from the ground, and embracing him, gave him the kiss of peace. The rescued man went his way into the city, and Giovanni continued his journey to the church. Entering the church he walked up to the altar, and there before the great crucifix above the

altar he went down upon his knees. As he kneeled, his heart full of exciting and conflicting thoughts, he saw—or thought he saw—exactly as we saw in the picture, the compassionate figure of the crucified bending from the cross and stooping to embrace him. His heart, at the sight, was filled with great peace and joy. He understood, as he had never understood before, what Jesus meant when he said, 'If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.' Never before had he been so happy, and never before had he seen and felt so much of the love of God.

From that day Giovanni was a changed man. Not only did he put away all thought of hatred and revenge, but he resolved to give up all other evil ways and to live as a true and holy man. He would devote himself to what men in those days used to call a 'Religious Life.'

Accordingly, quitting Florence, he betook himself to the hills above the wide Arno Valley, and there among a range of mountain tops, as high as our own Helvellyn, he began at first, in a very humble way, to found a Brotherhood. Little by little the Brotherhood and their buildings grew, until at length they became the famous Monastery of Vallombrosa, and there for hundreds of years the brothers of the Order worshipped God and fed the poor. In a single year, at times, they would give away as many as a hundred thousand loaves.

In addition to this, the monks of Giovanni's Monastery planted the hills with trees. Forty thousand

beeches they are said to have planted on the mountain sides around their home. These were the woods which centuries after were visited by our own great countryman, John Milton, in allusion to which he wrote the musical and often quoted lines regarding Satan and his fallen hosts :—

> His legions—Angel forms—who lay entranced
> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
> High overarched embower.

Now, I think, you will begin to feel why it was that Jesus laid such stress on our forgiveness of those whom we think have done us wrong; and why he taught us to say, 'Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those that sin against us.'

Only by forgiving others can we come to understand the mercy and forgiveness of God; only by forgiving others can we attain to peace and joy; and only by forgiving others, and putting away from our hearts all hatreds and ill-will can we become fitted—like the Merciful Knight—to do our best for God and man.

> We do pray for Mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of Mercy.

Therefore, boys and girls, if you have any spite, any grudge, any ill-will against any of your companions at home or at school, put it out of your hearts, that so you may come to know the patient and forgiving love of Him who is the Father of us all.

JOHN BYLES.

## HEROISM.

ALONG the railway, a mile or two out of Glasgow, a number of navvies were one day hard at work mending the line. An express train was nearly due, and the men left the rails and stood back on the bank. A whistle, and then a dull, thundering sound foretold its approach. Far away it could be seen, every moment growing clearer and clearer, as it rushed onwards bearing its burden of passengers towards the great city in which the homes of many of the travellers lay.

A boy, who had been working on the line, stood among the men. He was not old enough for heavy work, but he was of use in running errands and handing tools. He happened to look down at the railway line and saw that a sleeper had started out of its place. The train might be wrecked if it were not put right, and in less time than it takes to tell it the boy had signed to his uncle, who stood near him, and man and boy sprang down upon the line. The train thundered by in safety, but the two who had saved it lay crushed and dead upon its track.

In a day or two, great numbers of those working

men followed a little funeral procession up a hill-side to the grave in which their fellow-workers were laid, and as they climbed they spoke in hushed voices of the young lad who had so unexpectedly proved himself a hero.

Here is another story which tells us of the heroism of some boys and girls two hundred years ago or more, in the city of Bristol. It was during the reign of Charles II., when people were forbidden to worship anywhere except in the parish churches, and brave men and women went to prison cheerfully for conscience' sake. Among others, the 'Friends' suffered cruelly. Because they persisted in meeting together for their silent worship, they were dragged before the magistrates, and still it was always their brave cry that the King might as well think to hinder the sun from rising and the tide from flowing as to hinder the Lord's people from meeting to wait upon Him while *two of them* were left together.

So, happy homes were broken up, and husbands and fathers were thrown into loathsome, crowded prisons; and then, because the wives and mothers thought it their duty still to keep up their meetings for worship, they, too, were sent to prison, and in the desolate homes only the children were left.

And now what do you think these boys and girls did? They followed the example of their parents, and, with wonderful courage, resolving to do what was right, and not what was safe and prudent, they went to their meeting-house to worship God as they had been brought up to do, and young brothers and sisters

passed fearlessly on their way through rough people who sometimes laughed at them and sometimes threatened them. These Quaker children were, some of them, put in the stocks; the constables warned others that they would be beaten; still they were unmoved, and many of them were imprisoned until there was no more room in the gaols of Bristol.

People sometimes have strange ideas about heroes and heroism. They forget that the nature of men, and of children, too, is *gradually* formed, and that it is by training every day in little ways of unselfishness and duty that we get ready to be brave and true when the great need comes. That Scotch boy who saved the express train must have been used to caring for other people more than for himself. If he had been self-indulgent and cowardly, he would never have jumped down on to the railway line that day, and shown himself a hero. Those children in Bristol would have hidden themselves timidly in their homes instead of following the brave example of their parents, if they had not been used to thinking first of all what was right to do and then doing it.

And so from this we come to think about that common, well-known word—habit. While we are young, habits are easily made. We form our good or bad habits by the thoughts and deeds of every day, and our characters are made by the habits we grow into. In the American forests, among the luxuriant undergrowth, is sometimes to be found a curious creeping plant that wraps its strong, twining branches round any object that comes in its way. You can

break away from this vegetable octopus when it is young, if you are on your guard ; but it is said that a careless traveller may find himself a prisoner unawares, bound in the grasp of the plant as by strong ropes. Two boys, in light-hearted, thoughtless mood, went out one holiday to spend it in exploring the outskirts of one of those mighty forests in America which lie near the clearings that settlers have made for their homes and farm land. They were warned to beware of this dangerous plant, but they gave little heed to the warning ; and, suddenly, as he pushed his way through the thick brushwood one of the boys felt himself seized and wrapped round by the stems of a mysterious plant. He called for help, and his companion came to release him ; but, as he tore at the twisted rope-like fastenings, the second boy was caught in like manner, and most earnestly did they wish that they had never come within reach of the imprisoning tendrils. So with our bad habits. If we are not on the watch they gain the mastery over us and make us their prisoners.

Few of us are called upon to do great deeds of heroism; but we are called to build up within ourselves beautiful characters, and to lead loving, useful, daily lives, and this we cannot do if we give way to the selfish wish, to outbursts of passionate temper, or to temptations to be cowardly or untrue. We do not always bear in mind what power we really have over ourselves, how it is in our power to become in character what we wish to become. We make resolutions again and again, and again we break them because we do not really mean them and do not act

upon them straightway. Good resolutions are worthless without good deeds to follow them. Here is a beautiful saying for you, as true as it is beautiful :—

'There is no time better than to-day to begin the triumph over temptations. The change needed is only in ourselves. Do but say "In God's strength *I will*," and the victory is sure.'

FRANCES E. COOKE.

THE END.

Compiled by JULIE RAWLINGS.

## Addresses and Illustrative Stories.

**Crown 8vo, 184 pp., cloth gilt. Price 1/6 net; postage 3d.**

'A perfect treasure-store of pretty stories, serious little lectures or life-studies, and thoughtful poetry, all sweetly reasonable. About seventy pieces in all. The very thing for a class, as dessert after a lesson; or for home reading for youngsters from ten to fifteen. The price of the book, very nicely printed and serviceably bound, is only eighteenpence.'—*Coming Day.*

'Some charming stories are told and some delightful addresses are delivered. Mrs. Rawlings has drawn from many sources, and her volume is likely to prove very useful to Sunday school teachers.'—*Christian World.*

---

By THREE COUSINS.

## Short Sermons to Children.

(*Second Series.*)

**Foolscap 8vo, 136 pp., cloth gilt. Price 1/-, post free.**

A series of Addresses, by three well-known ladies, on moral and religious subjects, adapted for Sunday school services, or for use in the family.

---

By the late THOMAS SADLER, Ph.D.

## Sermons for Children.

**Cloth, with Portrait. 3/6 net; postage 3d.**

A Selection of the Sermons to Children, delivered at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, on Spring and Summer Sunday Evenings during Dr. Sadler's ministry. A number of Hymns for Children are also given.

'There are in these sermons many touches of the writer's own child-biography; there is a fresh remembrance of the child's point of view, which parents often lose, looking at things from the side of their own trying responsibility.'—*Christian Life.*

---

London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

# The Bible for Young People.

By Dr. H. OORT & Dr. J. HOOYKAAS.

A Critical, Historical, and Religious Handbook to the Old and New Testament. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M.A.

**Six Vols. Cloth 21/- net.**

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES :—

Vol.

1. **The Generations before Moses.**
2. **From Moses to David.**
3. **From David to Josiah.**
4. **From Josiah to the Maccabees.**
5. **The Narratives of the New Testament.**
6. **Jesus, his Death and afterwards.**

---

The Very Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, writes in a recent issue of *The Christian World* : 'There is a remarkable book by Dr. Van Oort, written in Dutch by a pupil of the great Professor Kuenen and under his supervision called "The Bible for the Young." It has been translated into English, and goes much farther, on many points, than I should myself go ; but it is a learned and most interesting book, and it demonstrates that there need be no evaporation of any of the best lessons of Scripture even in the hands of teachers who are advanced votaries of the Higher Criticism.'

'It is eminently sensible and popular in form, and the style of the English translation is clear and simple. Its information is abreast of the most advanced thought and research ; but its erudition is not obtruded, and never introduced in a way to form any difficulty to the most simple or unlearned reader.'—*Scotsman.*

'It treats the Bible much in the same way that Dr. Arnold treated Roman history, giving at the beginning of each chapter the "legend" with which we are all familiar, then the criticism of it, and finally vindicating its title to a place in the instruction of the young by drawing such moral and religious lessons as seem to flow from the result thus obtained. All this is extremely well and attractively done, and young people who take it up are likely enough to be fascinated by it. It brings the discussions of foreign scholarship for the first time in an easy and accessible form before the general English public ; and it is one of the many indications continually pressing upon us that these subjects can no longer be safely ignored in the public teaching of the church.'—*Guardian.*

---

London : Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

# Biblical Manuals.

Edited by REV. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A.
Manchester College, Oxford.

'They are among the first of their kind, and they meet a real want.'—Mrs. Humphry Ward in *Nineteenth Century*.

**Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived.** By the EDITOR. Fifth Edition. Ninth thousand. Cloth 1/-.

**The First Three Gospels: their Origin and Relations.** By the EDITOR. Second Edition. Fifth thousand. Cloth 3/6.

**The Method of Creation.** A comparison of the Book of Nature with the Book of Genesis. By Rev. HENRY W. CROSSLEY, LL.D., F.G.S. Second Edition. Fourth thousand. Cloth 1/-.

**Chapters on Job.** By Rev G. VANCE SMITH, B.A., Ph.D. Cloth 1/-.

**The Prophecies of the Captivity** (Isaiah xl.-lxvi.). Explained according to the Revised Version. By Rev. R. TRAVERS HERFORD, B.A. Cloth 1/- net.

**The Story of Jeremiah and his Times.** By H. M. JOHNSON. Cloth 1/- net.

**The Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians and to Philemon.** Explained and illustrated. By Rev. VALENTINE D. DAVIS, B.A. Cloth 1/- net.

**The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians.** Explained and Illustrated. By Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D., D. Litt., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Cloth 1/- net.

**The Gospel according to Mark.** A study in the earliest records of the Life of Jesus. By Rev. HENRY SHAEN SOLLY, M.A. Cloth 1/- net.

---

# Manuals of Early Christian History.

Edited by REV. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A.

**Vol. I. Christianity and the Roman Empire.** By W. E. ADDIS, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Cloth 2/6.

---

London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall Essex St., Strand, W.C.

# The Helper.

A Handbook for Sunday School Teachers and Parents.

Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD ('Aunt Amy').

**Vol. I., 1898. Vol. II., 1899. Vol. III., 1900.**

The CONTENTS include: Addresses to Scholars. Suggestive Chapters for Sunday Classes. A Course of Sunday Readings. Teachers in Council. Articles on Special Subjects of Interest to Parents and Teachers. Illustrative Stories, Anecdotes, Poems, &c.

**Price per Vol., 2/6 net. ; postage, 4d.**

---

# Our Faith: Studies in Religion.

By REV. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.

**Cloth 1/- net; postage 2d.**

*The Temples and Churches of many Lands—Our Church—The World's Greatest Teachers—Jesus of Nazareth—The World's Sacred Books—Our Aims and Hopes.*

'It does not attempt to lay down the lines of a complete course of religious instruction, but to help the young people of our immediate fellowship—Unitarians, worshipping in Free Churches—to realise the principles and the responsibilities of their Church membership. To the thoughtful reader, the book should prove helpful.'—*Inquirer.*

---

# The Story of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Poet-Philanthropist of America.

By FRANCES E. COOKE.

**Cloth, gilt top, with Portrait. Price 1/- net; postage 2d.**

'Miss Cooke deserves praise for her actual writings, but we want to commend the wisdom of her plan. Those who wish to mould the lives of young men and women have in biographical sources their best material. Example is the great teacher. Human deeds point the path of action. As we read this clear, cheering "Story" of Whittier's life, we see in the pages seed-plots of noble ambition, love of nature, and ideals of excellence. How could any young person fail to be made better?'—*Every Other Sunday* (U.S.A.).

---

London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

GTU Library
3 2400 00388 7415

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.